

Politics in the television age

By William Haley

GRACE WYNDHAM GOLDIE:
Facing the Nation
Television and Politics 1936-1976
368pp. Bodley Head. £7.50.

GLASGOW UNIVERSITY MEDIA GROUP:
Bad News
Foreword by Richard Hoggart
Volume 1
310pp. Routledge and Kegan Paul.
£5.95.

EDWIN DIAMOND:
The Tin Kázo
Television, Politics, and the News
269pp. MIT Press. £7.50.

ANTHONY SMITH:
The Shadow in the Cave
384pp. Quarter. £2.50.

When the BBC restarted its television service in 1946 it knew that it was embarking on the development of a force that would have incalculable effects on social, and eventually on political, habits. The latter were bound to take a decade or more to show themselves. Government decreed that in the national reconstruction after the war the spread of television-transmitting stations must be slow. Party leaders were wary of television and wished to defer its use for active political broadcasting as long as they could. To both Mr Atlee and Mr Churchill the idea of personal political appearances on television was repugnant.

The social impact was immediate. It gathered strength more rapidly than all the forecasts predicted. In order to monitor it, BBC Listener Research made a continuing study of how homes into which television had newly entered changed their timetables, their domestic arrangements, and their outside activities. As the heads of the BBC watched the diagrams slowly altering shape they realized, in a way that their predecessors twenty-three years earlier could not do, what an immense responsibility was in their charge. The pioneers of 1923 had ideals and faith. The men of 1946 also had these, plus experience. It strengthened their belief that both social and political responsibilities

could be conscientiously and successfully discharged. The BBC's record in peace and war was there to testify.

In the thirty years since then the concern of sociologists and politicians has grown. It shows no signs of having reached its limits. Books, articles, essays, lectures, studies, treatises, manoeuvres by vested interests, propagandist exercises, outbursts by politicians, all multiply. The Annan Committee on the Future of Broadcasting may well have found the few simple basic issues to which their minds should be addressed in danger of being overwhelmed by tidal waves of extravagance, irrelevance, and special pleading.

It must be stressed that broadcasting's responsibilities are common to both television and radio. If television has caused more exacerbation to politicians and concern to sociologists than radio has ever done, this is because pictures carry a delusive air of complete truth, have in general a more lasting emotional impact than words, and influence lesser intelligences more powerfully. The difference in the issues presented by radio and television is one only of degree. The issues are:

How will those in charge of broadcasting best preserve their freedom without misusing, or allowing to be misused, their power?
How can they best prevent their role as entertainers from infecting the rest of their output?
How can they most effectively serve a diversity of cultures, polit-

ical interests, and minorities of every kind, and at the same time play their part in preserving the instinct for national cohesion?

If one deals with these questions mainly in terms of the BBC it is because the discharge of these responsibilities, and not the making of profits, is its overriding duty. While the BBC had a monopoly it sought, aided by the Sykes, Crawford, Seldin, Ulswater committees and by Parliament, reasonably to resolve these issues. The ITA (now IBA) has had to seek to do the same. Neither has succeeded completely. But the failures there have been should not feed the British appetite for self-disparagement into obscuring the fact that what is best in British broadcasting is unparalleled in the world.

In his foreword to *The Age of Uncertainty*, J. K. Galbraith has written:
The British Broadcasting Corporation, as everyone must know, is a very great organization. In the world of responsible television there are the BBC and some others. Its genius lies in the quality of the people it attracts and also in the feeling of everyone... that they have a deeply shared responsibility for the product.

If any proof of this is needed, Grace Wyndham Goldie's *Facing the Nation* provides it. Her chronological account of television's steadily growing involvement with politics and public affairs, and the problems that have increasingly

arisen, is vivid, penetrating, and well documented.

Mrs Goldie is uniquely qualified to write about these matters. As a critic for *The Listener* she was in the studio for the first television transmission from Alexandra Palace to Radio Olympia in 1936. When she retired from the BBC forty years later she was Head of BBC Television Talks and Current Affairs, and was probably the most experienced and influential worker in the minifield of television and politics. Her research into the BBC's archives has been meticulous. But it is her chronicling of events in which she was personally involved that is most valuable. (Not everything got into even the BBC's archives.) She gives a dispassionate and lucid description of the problems facing television planners and producers, the pressures upon them, and the temperaments of broadcasters, particularly politicians. Her observations on the great advantage ministers have by the authority that can come from being televised at their official desks, in contrast with Opposition speakers who have to broadcast from a sometimes bleak studio, is one of many useful insights.

Mrs Goldie has moreover got her perspectives right. The 1946-50 years were of no great consequence to political television. She does not waste much time on the monopoly struggle. It may be said, however, that even had the BBC conducted television differently during those years, the outcome would have

been the same. The BBC won the battle of rational argument before the Beveridge Committee. The months between the publication of the report and the fall of the Labour Government were made barren by Herbert Morrison's dilatoriness followed by Ernest Bevin's death, and lost the campaign. Once the Conservatives were in power, neither reason, nor public relations, nor anything that might have been done earlier, could have averted commercial television.

Mrs Goldie truly describes the 1947 aldermanic report on political broadcasting as a vital document. (She prints it, and the revised version of 1969, as appendices.) The circumstances of its compilation were proof that while Mr Anthony Wedgwood Benn may be right in declaring that "Broadcasting is much too important to be left to the broadcasters", it would be even more unsafe to leave it to the politicians.

During the war years, when a coalition government in office, there was no party political broadcasting, and no controversial broadcasting of public affairs. The General Election of 1945 created a new situation. The BBC had come to realize that in allowing the parties to have exclusive control of political broadcasting before the war it had made a mistake. It was convinced that a freer arrangement was vital to the public interest.

Informal talks began once the Labour Government had settled in office. As a result of them the Cabinet at the turn of the year came to the conclusion that precise rules could no more be laid down for political broadcasting than for political broadcasting. The rules could be for conduct of political broadcasts, and not for content. When the Lord Privy Seal and the Lord Chancellor met the Director-General to tell him this, the Lord Privy Seal produced an aide-memoire of principles. The Director-General added two provisions to safeguard the BBC's independence. The two Ministers thought they were reasonable, and said they would refer them to the Prime Minister. Yet when the Prime Minister and the Director-General of the BBC formally met Government and Opposition leaders in November 1946 they were confronted with a unanimous demand that all political broadcasting should be handed over to the whips. All speakers would be chosen by the parties. They would be the sole arbiters of what topics should be discussed. Controversial broadcasting on public affairs would be subject to the same rules.

When it was pointed out to Mr Churchill that this was the arrangement that had denied him the microphone during the early 1930s, and which he had then denounced, he replied that there was no longer anyone of equal eminence outside the party folds. Therefore the problem did not arise. Parliament, he said, was the political summit of the nation. No MP could stay higher in his party than he stayed in the estimation of the House of Commons. If the BBC were allowed to choose MPs to broadcast, it would make false reputations. Some members might elect to broadcast rather than to speak in the House. A demagogue might arise. Mr Churchill was equally insistent, and so were the others present, that the BBC should not choose controversial subjects for discussion. The choice could be a political act. It could usurp the primacy of Parliament. It could gravely endanger the BBC. It could throw doubts on the BBC's impartiality. The responsibility of guiding political controversy must rest with the political leaders.

The BBC stood firm. Gradually the position was eased. The Ministers and ex-Ministers modified their demands. The Governors held a special meeting. They accepted the quota system for formal broadcasts, but reaffirmed the BBC's right to add eminent statesmen, regardless of the whips, if they deemed this essential to the national interest. They also insisted on the BBC's freedom to plan and conduct special discussions. Eventually Mr Churchill agreed that for an experimental period the BBC should have, in the words of the final aide-memoire, the right, after consultation with the party leaders, to invite to the microphone any member of either House of outstanding national eminence who may have become detached from any party. The experiment quietly became permanent. No consultations ever took place. The scope of "special discussions" was broadened to include broadcasts of round-table character in which political questions are dealt with. It was also steadily widened.

It is for others to describe what happened after 1952. For the first five years the arrangements set out in the aide-memoire worked well. There were a few furies. There were no major crises. Even the rule that, if Government and Opposition could not agree within three days whether a reply to a ministerial broadcast should be given, then the BBC would decide, helped in avoiding them. The idea of the BBC being an arbiter between the parties was so repugnant to them that they almost always settled any differences at once.

The BBC's problem was not in fairly balancing the broadcasts between the parties. It was—and Mrs Goldie indicates that it still is—to keep a balance within each party. So long as the House of Commons continues to be dominated by one large Government party and one large Opposition party, the BBC is bound to be a coalition within itself. The extremists in each party offer livelier broadcasts than the middle-of-the-road men. They are more likely to make a public man. They are more likely to cause controversy, and concern about their party as a whole. Unlike formal party political broadcasting, this is not an area in which any mathematical formula can be used. Whether the broadcasting of Parliament would be as beneficial as Mrs Goldie hopes is uncertain.

The party leaders would have been justified in continuing to demand controls had the BBC, and later the ITA, been irresponsible hands. It is part of the British gift for public administration to ensure freedom to extra-governmental bodies by placing them in the hands of men and women who can be trusted to exercise it disinterestedly for the public good. If this did not continue, no amount of superstructure, guardians, and guardians of the guardians, could avert the inevitable resultant trouble. Even so, some problems are not capable of easy solution. Mrs Goldie is frank about the practice of using teams of "broadcasting nonalikes" as "broadening" nonalikes. The regularly "public affairs" programmes. Producers favour them. Their capabilities are known and they can be relied on to run true to form. Viewers like to see familiar faces. Without them audiences would be smaller and the extent of public education lessened. A sense of continuity is given. On the other hand, the broadcasters can develop into personalities rather than authorities. Reputations

can be made that are not deserved. Appearances can become performances. In fact, it may be as performers that the pundits are being paid.

This is both television's power and its Achilles heel. To quote from *Facing the Nation*:
Few of those who regard television primarily as power, and who lay their hands upon the levers of that power, ever seem to give adequate thought to the strange but undeniable fact that television's power rests ultimately on its programmes of enjoyment. . . . It is enjoyment which enables television to enter the homes of individuals and, by doing so, offers to those interested in power a chance of influencing the attitudes of millions and persuading them to courses of action. . . . In buying specific goods or supporting specific political policies—which, without that influence, they might not even consider.

The hundreds of men and women who in one way or another control programmes know this. They are tempted to desire an entertainment in every programme. The pictures that are such a distraction in what one may call television's Third Programme series of talks are a minor aspect of this. Television must of course have pictures, but these are often more entertaining than pictures. (I believed that the ultimate evolution of radio and television should be a "married service", each receiver having a button to switch off the tube, so that talks, symphonies, concert, poetry readings, news bulletins, and other programmes could be broadcast in sound only. Alternative channels would have been planned so that no viewer would have been without a visual programme if he wanted it.)

Much more disturbing is the spread of entertainment values to news bulletins. These are constantly under fire for a number of reasons. What the Glasgow University Media Group describe as "the confused debate over the news" has many issues. Richard Hoggart, in his foreword to the book, *Bad News*, refers to "television values". This "television value" is the oldest of them. From the beginning it was foreseen that the picture element could decide the amount of time given to an item in a bulletin, regardless of its intrinsic worth.

It was the fact that picture values and real news values would so often be in inverse ratio to each other that caused the BBC to hold off television news bulletins for so long. That problem remains. It has not been solved. There are others. The Glasgow University Media Group have, with graphic tables, contours of coverage and other devices, covered a number of them. Their main concentration was on how television had handled industrial news. One is impressed, but unconvinced.

The trouble is that no absolutely objective judgment of objectivity is possible. Statistics are not a complete answer. Fine-tooth-combing, aided by hindsight, of the way in which, for instance, strikes have been reported may have lessons. But news bulletins have to be written as the news appears. They are broadcast for today's viewers and listeners, not for the ear of eternity. Arguments about the texts of broadcast news bulletins can become almost as final as the disputes of the Early Fathers. There are times when the number of angels that are supposed to be able to dance on the point of a pin would seem to be no greater than the number of motives a single word can carry if it is breathed into a microphone.

The truthfulness and objectivity of broadcast news in Britain taken as a whole is commendable. Yet questions do present themselves. How far is personal speculation and comment news? Should the views of staff specialists be allowed in the news? Is the fight between the BBC and ITN for news ratings healthy, or is it a mere contest of egos, momentarily and in the slightest manner, become a performance? How absolute should integrity be? Mrs Goldie points out that the politician who appears to be talking without a manuscript when he is in fact reading from a teleprompter is guilty of "a visual lie". So is the news reader when he acts as if he was reading from a bulletin on his desk. How often are items put into the news to entertain rather than to inform? Does not the hectoring of prominent public figures contain an element of entertainment?

There is no sign that in Britain viewers are critical of such practices. They are not conscious of many of them. In America, where

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tion updates its information and includes two supplementary papers. Mr Smith's main theme, slightly reworded, remains unchanged:

One simple and perhaps obvious problem bedevils all broadcasting. The broadcaster reaches a vast and incoherent audience, the entire audience which geography and the spectrum permit. When he has reached it he has created a source of power for himself which no society can possibly allow him to wield without supervision or control. If the instrument is used for means of clear personal expression, the position of the broadcaster is socially unacceptable. If it is used merely to create the maximum audience, the product becomes culturally and ultimately politically unacceptable. Under the weight of this tension the structure of ethics which is believed to be skeletal to twentieth-century culture—that guaranteeing individual creative and political freedom—simply disintegrates. Broadcasting therefore either takes place on a territory of enforced neutrality which becomes intellectually meaningless or it becomes a tyranny. When it finds a level of taste at which it can successfully aggregate its audience it becomes culturally valueless; when it occupies a higher ground in a spirit of dedicated intellectual exclusiveness it fails in its purpose of serving the entire society.

If the alternatives were as stark as these, then we would be faced with the horns of a broadcasting dilemma. But British broadcasting has in the course of fifty years increasingly striven to find means of covering without dogmatism the whole spectrum of culture, politics and entertainment. Over great areas it has been successful. There are still gaps. There have been failures. Politicians

have detected arrogance and bias. Sociologists have complained of shallowness. It is culture's nature to be incapable of ever being fully satisfied. Educationists in the broader sense feel that much of the good work done by specifically educational programmes is undone by much of the rest of broadcasting's output.

This last complaint is valid. It is not easy to remove. Yet if British broadcasting's mission to educate does not run through as many as possible of its programmes—politics, public affairs, religion, economics, art, music, every other form of cultural activity, sociology, even sport—as strongly as its mission to entertain, then it will not serve the people well. The mission can be accepted so openly and accomplished so diversely that it need be neither authoritarian nor exclusive. It has been the major duty of the BBC. The IBA does not exclude it. The enemy of both is their seeming impossibility of obtaining the highest possible viewing figures. It precludes the more socially valuable kinds of competition.

Mr Smith's overriding concern is to ensure ever-increasing access to broadcasting for minorities of all kinds and for individuals. There is John Stuart Mill's authority to support such an ideal. None the less quality judgments would be impossible. The difficulty facing his proposed National Television Foundation to operate a fourth channel supplied from outside itself would be to obtain a continuing flow of worthwhile material. There is much to be said for making "a beginning of the end of mass society" the used to maintain some cohesion of national interests and values remains. It can be agreed that some customs change. Ultimate principles remain constant. Throughout history almost every great nation has had an identifiable ethos. It would be

ironical if the most powerful socially cohesive force man has yet invented should in Britain be fragmented to the point where there was no longer a single broadcasting organization strong enough to reflect that ethos. Its place in the nation should be secured solely by its devotion to that purpose. Neither uniformity nor regimentation should result. The unity of diversity can be expressed in manifold ways. There should be no fear of the unpopularity of supporting moral leadership, or of the false charges made by those who would deny it had any right to have a mission to raise public taste.

The threat, which arose soon after commercial television started and which has never been completely dropped, that if the BBC's ratings fell beyond a politically acceptable limit its licence revenues could vanish, should be ruled impossible for at least a quarter of a century. It has led the BBC to be untrue to itself too often.

Indeed, a drop in mass television ratings generally would be beneficial. If television were socially conscious it would strive to reduce the dependence of so many millions upon itself. It could serve every one of its purposes, including that of making money, and take only a fraction of the time the people now surrender to it. The thought of a great part of the nation humbly sitting (many sleeping) in front of television sets evening after evening, year after year, is depressing. It is a diminution of a full life. Fortunately the generations are resilient. Each brings change. No drug has mastered the television people for ever. They have a gift for turning masters into servants. Television can be a prime educational, social, and political handmaid. It can give much pleasure. It must not usurp the activities it should serve. Any society in which viewing supplants doing will be on the road to decay.

Pressures behind the pen

By Victoria Glendinning

GEORGE CLIMPTON (Editor):
Writers at Work
The "Paris Review" Interviews
459pp. Secker and Warburg. £6.50.

"Literature is the one subject in the world one cannot be flippant about," says Wilfrid Sheel in the introduction to *Writers at Work*, the fourth series of *Paris Review* interviews to be published in book form. The *Paris Review* interviews have become a phenomenon worth looking at in their own right. John Updike is referred to editorially as "in its modest way, a work of art". Updike was sent written questions, to which he replied in writing; he was then interviewed with a tape-recorder; he then revised his spoken answers to bring them in line with the written ones, and the whole was spliced together with no seams showing. Small wonder that he says here, of interviews, that "however hard you try to be honest or full, they are intrinsically phony".

Auden took a different line: he refused to allow a tape-recorder, because if anything was said that was worth retaining, "the reporter ought to be able to remember it". Some of the taped material, indeed, is monumentally unmemorable, and surely might have been edited out, such as Jack Blackman's preface to "Interview". Or dear... Well, yes, I suppose so... but not a list of questions or a third degree, I hope... I was interviewed a short time ago, in the "Review". Or the beginning of Ted Berggren's interview with Kerouac: Kerouac: God, you're so inadequate there, Berggren.

Interviewer: Well, I'm not a tape-recorder man, Jack. I'm just a big talker, like you, OK, we're off. Kerouac: OK? (Whistles) OK? Nevertheless, whether doctored too much or too little, the interviews reveal a personality. Berggren, for example, Auden, especially stand out. One may not agree with the things they believe in, but one is in no doubt at all that they themselves believe in them. And when the speakers gain confidence and think they are safe, they let their culture of myth and principle

face themselves that is the hallmark of the higher gossip. Conrad Aiken, for example, describes how he and his wife dined with the T. S. Eliots after Eliot had received a silver bowl from the Signet Society.

He was wearing a cowboy hat, and we all got plastered. We went on to the Red Lion Grill, after many drinks at the Silver Dollar Bar, the two toughest and queerest joints in Boston. He couldn't walk, for his ankles were crossed, so Valerie lifted him into the taxi.

Or again, when Aiken describes wrestling over a WC tank cover with Malcolm Lowry, which resulted in his spending three weeks in bed with a fractured skull. "And during all this we were working on *Ultramarine*. That was the day's work, always." There is, of course, a great deal of anecdote in the *Review*, and in the *Paris Review* interviews. The self-consciousness of these anecdotes is exploded by an ironic Berryman, relating the entirely frivolous circumstances in which he came to choose the name "Henry" for the man in the *Dream Songs*.

My second wife, Ann, and I were walking down Hennepin Avenue one momentous night. Everything seemed quite as usual, but it was going to puzzle literary critics two continents many years later.

The puzzled literary critics will not get much mileage from these interviews. They are often, it seems, at cross-purposes with their subjects. John Dos Passos says the academic treatment of modern literature is "confused". The academic community is more likely to suffer from mass delusions than the general public. The writers are cagey about their purposes. "I don't intend to show anything," says Borges, laughing. "I have no intention of being indignant to what he calls harmless industry." Some of the work they do is damned interesting. In general the writers are earthy and practical in their approach to their craft. What is collected must be got out of the Dos Passos. "That's one thing that can be said about writing. There is a great sense of relief in a far volume." Their relationship with academic criticism is almost flirtatious. I wish I could see if you can.

In all sixteen interviews there is a surprising consensus about the private, as opposed to the public value of writing. "Writing is a gift and political stances are definitely out for the established English and American writers of the late 1960s and early 1970s, when these interviews were given. Their reading public, too, comes into a few chosen individuals. Steinbeck—whose interview is not an interview but a posthumous collage of comments—says the way to write freely is as in "a letter aimed at one person". Eudora Welty says she can only rest when her work has been read by the few people she really cares about. Solzgen recalls Henri Michaux telling him that a man who has one reader, or two, is not a writer: "But a man who has three readers, that man is really a writer." Updike says that when he writes he aims at a vague spot a little to the east of Moscow, and imagines a teenage country boy finding his books on a library shelf. For Anthony Burgess, the writer's primary audience is in his own image—"a mirror". Vanity is part of the essential equipment of a writer.

The vanity is fed, and the creativity too, by the critics and readers—and interviewers—who feed in their turn on the corpus. The privacy of the act of writing perhaps accounts for the fascination which the creator holds for the non-creative person. God, after all, did not have too much to say about the Creation afterwards; he simply "saw that it was good"; and he has not lacked critics or exegetes. Those that can, do: cherished, in many cases, by devoted spouses who minister to the flame and, occasionally, deflect it—Nabokov's wife prevented him from consigning the first chapter of *Invitation to a Beheading* to the garden incinerator. She was backing a winner. For there is a strong smell of the racecourse about twentieth-century literature—as Nabokov himself said, when asked about the competitive ranking of writers.

Yes, I have noticed that in this respect our professional book reviewers are veritable book-makers. Who's in, who's out, and where are the shows of yesterday. All very amusing.

THE NEW YORK TIMES BOOK REVIEW, 11th March 1977. "The Paris Review" interviews are a collection of the best of the Dos Passos. "That's one thing that can be said about writing. There is a great sense of relief in a far volume." Their relationship with academic criticism is almost flirtatious. I wish I could see if you can.

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Big kitten and his little corporal

By Russell Davies

MARY WELSH HEMINGWAY:

How It Was
452pp. Wendenfeld and Nicolson.
£6.95.

If Mary Welsh was not sure what she was getting into when she signed on with the thrice-married Ernest Hemingway at the end of the Second World War, almost anyone else could have told her. As long before as 1939, Edmund Wilson had warned the world what to expect:

He has already become a legend, as Menckon was in the 'twenties; he is the Hemingway of the sportsman's inn and the outdoor grin, with the ominous semblance to Clark Gable, who poses with a giant marlin which has just hauled in off Key West. And unluckily—but for an American inevitably—the opportunity soon presents itself to exploit this personality for profit: he turns up delivering Hemingway monologues in well-paying and trashy magazines; and the Hemingway of these loose disquisitions, arrogant, belligerent and boastful, is certainly the worst-invented character to be found in the author's work. If he is obnoxious, the effect is somewhat mitigated by the fact that he is intrinsically incredible.

Hemingway did not wait long before he began to demonstrate the truth of this, and the pathological threat behind it all, to his wife-to-be. In a Paris hotel in February 1945, having been presented by meeting friends with two German pistols in a velvet-lined case, he seized a photograph of "Miss Mary" and her by now estranged Australian husband Noel Monks, and shot it. The ensuing shock, flooding and reputation are perhaps better described in Carlos Baker's biography of Hemingway; but what strikes one about Mary Welsh's version of events is the "feeble, hypnotized" revelation she felt in witnessing this bizarre feat of demolition. How did she get over this? By what process of absorption and compensation did she prepare herself for a marriage which might produce, any or every day, a scene of comparable lunacy? These are the sorts of question one gets out of the habit of asking as Mrs Hemingway's account of her life progresses. She will not go into them any more than she can help. Whether this reflects a certain imperviousness to shock and insult or the anaesthetic power of memory is a question that hangs over her character throughout.

A bright American who had written for the *Daily Express* in the 1930s and spent much of the war in the London bureau of *Time*, she seems to have been able always to fall back, at the worst of times, on the job of recording—recording in minute and morose detail. And Hemingway was of course a wonderful running story. Interviewed on the subject today, Mrs Hemingway remarks that life with Ernest was "never boring"—the journalist's justification for disasters. But beneath all the note-taking and letter writing and diary filling of these two

THE TORRENTS OF SPRING



A ROMANTIC NOVEL
IN HONOR OF THE PASSING
OF A GREAT PAGE
ERNEST HEMINGWAY

On Sat. Mamma said I was the fiddler at the river. It was higher. I got six clams in the river and some meat six feet tall. You know how Ernest in Hemingway.

Part of the earliest known piece of writing (above) by Ernest Hemingway: the second page of a letter written at the age of nine, in purple ink and dated October 19, 1908. He tells "Dear Papa" about a clam that he had put in the school aquarium which had shut down on the tail of a Japanese goldfish, and ends: "On Sat Mamma and I went across the ford at the river it was very much higher. I got six clams in the river and some meat six feet tall." The letter is among the modern first editions, letters and manuscripts from the collection of Jonathan Goodwin of Old Lyme, Connecticut, to be auctioned by Sotheby, Burke, Benson, New York, on March 29. Left, a first edition of Hemingway's *The Torrents of Spring*, 1926, also in the sale; it carries a long inscription by the author to Dr Don Carlos Giffen, the obstetrician who delivered the two children of Hemingway's second marriage.

lives—Hemingway too was an incorrigible scribbler with a seeming urge to document each day—there was undoubtedly love. It was perhaps more spontaneous on Ernest's side (understandably, as there was no off-putting gunplay from Mary) but he was always likely, in the long run, to make a hit with her too. He was a very large man, with his "provence" (dismal, infected) proved in several fields. Noel Monks had also been his and bulky, a champion swimmer in Australia. And readers who do not skip the first ninety pages to start at the point where Hemingway comes in (the book is, after all, an autobiography, strongly though its title may suggest scenes from a marriage) will find that there was another husband before Noel. Lawrence Miller Cook, "a drama student from Ohio", occupies only a dozen lines on page 29, but mentions his "superior talents" is enough to hint that Mary Welsh was always heavily predisposed in favour of muscle. Hemingway was the high priest of the pectorals—the very type, then, of her type of guy.

So she made the decision to accompany him to the Plaza Vieja, his Cuban homestead. What she says of her arrival there is typical of the book to come. She is full of tension and dread, but on the look-out for auspicious symbols, and finding them—in this case the unalloyed affection displayed to her by Boles, Hemingway's favourite cat. But for the reader, as so often, the balance of emotions is quite wrecked by a few remembered words of Ernest's: "Strange", Ernest says, "he hates women. He really hates women who sent him to have his balls cut off." No comment, again, from the narrator, though many a liberated woman, facing the prospect of a lifetime of such ghastly recklessness, would have considered offering the speaker the same surgical treatment.

But Mary Hemingway, as she now officially became, was not a

liberated woman. She may have resembled one, for she hunted, shot and fished with the best, and she was naturally—but this can now be seen as no more than her (successful) attempt to be Ernest's most submissive wife so far. To have stayed at home in the kitchen, knitting and arranging flowers, would have been, in the context of the Hemingway myth, an exceedingly, in fact intolerable, liberated thing to do. Instead, Mary enlisted in Hemingway's private army, and became his little corporal—which should not be taken as a fanciful image of my own devising, as the following conversation indicates. Mary had just shattered her elbow on a shooting trip, and is being driven to the hospital, groaning a little. A voice comes from the front seat of the car:

"You could keep it quiet."
"I'm trying."
"Soldiers don't do that."
"I'm not a soldier." Long, drawn-out, unquipped, irrepressible grin.
"You're making us all uncomfortable."
"I'm sorry and poop on you."

What humour there is in the book comes, very obliquely, from the way Mrs Hemingway will present an anecdote like this: so far on that it seems to be remembered with a kind of helpless wonderment. As Edmund Wilson pointed out, Ernest's obnoxiousness is tempered by an incredible, and this is a mechanism which saves Mrs Hemingway's book from flimflam, without in the least disguising how ill the Hemingways' tempers must often have been. In this connection, it is worth remembering what Hemingway himself wrote, in one of the more reasonable letters quoted by his wife, to a professor at Yale whose doctoral dissertation had concerned Ernest's early writing at Oak Park High School and for the *Kansas City Star*. The point I am trying to make by talking all around it, he said, "is that when you come into something thirty-five years later, you do not get the true gem. You get *Survivor's* gem." Most of Mary Hemingway's gem is the survivors' kind.

The parts of her testimony that do not have the natural bloom of reminiscence on them are the memoirs which she and her husband exchanged when the atmosphere was too strained, or the subject too grave, for conversation. A complete collection of these exchanges might well have made the powerful impression on the literary world that Mrs Hemingway's diffuse memoirs cannot. To begin with, some of the pluckiest cross-talks are at least peripherally concerned Hemingway's writing, or the connections and discrepancies between his behaviour and his writings: theicky close of endearments, for obvious reasons, is the kindest; and the mischievous, flippant, bawdy and belligerent, which have so welled the book without adding to one's understanding of

Hemingway's need for a constant diet of violent death) do not, on the whole, intrude.

Two or three of these domestic screeds are particularly striking, apart from the early ones in which Mrs Hemingway threatens, under awful provocation, to resign her non-commission. The outstanding one from Hemingway takes the form of an entry he made in his wife's diary, glowing obscurely over a new conclusion about her sexuality: "She has always wanted to be a boy and thinks as a boy without ever losing any femininity. If you should become confused on this you should retire. She loves me to be her girl, which I love to do, not being absolutely stupid." A few days later, Hemingway has settled down to the apparently more normal practice of calling his wife "my kitten-brother". It is hard to think of all this as the baby-talk of natural affection: it sounds so much like an attempt not to recognize the reality of the partner. Mary Hemingway does it too.

Dear Big Kitten—Your book, *Green Hills and Death in the Afternoon* show that you used to understand justice and that other people also had feelings and truthfulness. I hope for your sake especially, and for all us friends and lovers of yours that you have not completely lost those qualities.

What should be noted about this heartfelt and character-searching appeal is that it was issued by Mary after Ernest had blown up

at her for having mislaid a pen-knife.

Which of these crises, and the dozens of similar ones, was serious is it quite impossible to tell. Nor does one get any feeling of the phases in the Hemingways' lives; one only gets an appreciable sense of time passing when one of the dreadfully accident-prone pair has an injury on the mend—this despite the helpful variety of backgrounds, in Cuba, Africa, Italy, Spain, Paris and the American West. There is a good deal of the kind of "Rhino in my Bathroom" writing that people bring back from Africa like home movies from the sea-side; elsewhere, rather, the lot of cocktail-soaked socialising among the American magazine-and-publishing set ("and his pretty wife" seems to be a phrase that qualifies, or embellishes, most people). On her husband's behalf, Mrs Hemingway retrospectively puts down many of the authors she meets, often justifiably, but seldom pleasantly. This is a role fundamentally foreign to her—like the role of Ernest's whipping-boy, "a part which I would play... from time to time for years, never successfully. I should have liked it. Many of us, surely, would admire Mrs Hemingway more if she had played these enforced roles rather worse. But this survivor does not need admiration. Nor, unusually for her, does she seem to want our pity for the one who did not survive. In this she resembles certain soldiers after all.

Character guide

By Nicola Bradbury

PHYLLIS HARTNOLL:
Who's Who in George Eliot
183pp. Elm Tree Books/Hamish Hamilton. £3.95.

Has anyone read *Middlemarch* for the first time and remembered (if he has worked them out) the relationships surrounding the Bulstrodes? Phyllis Hartnoll's guide to the novel is a carefully chosen and well-organized outline of those facets of family and business, concealed in shame or by complexity, which form what Henry James once called a "joint of meat". The skeleton of a plot, however, is barely enough, and Phyllis Hartnoll's guide is perhaps too bony. Her account elucidates legal ties without suggesting the structural relationships which carry the imaginative weight of a novel, such as Bulstrode's those parallel and contrasts between the Casaubons, Lydgate, Garth and Bulstrode marriages which we do not

understand on a first reading, and which sustain our interest through a difficult plot. Though Phyllis Hartnoll tells us about broken marriages, she says nothing of fractured novels, and there is no hint in her guide that Mirah and Gwendolen "belong" to two parts of Daniel Deronda which are hardly brought together through the hero, and that they have quite a different kind of reality. A guide such as this flattens such distinctions.

On a minute scale, however, Phyllis Hartnoll's painstaking detail is overliven with vigorous though brief character sketches. Some cross-reference enlarges these: it is under Celia Brooke that we find Dorothea's "vague" but intense aspiration, described as "fantastic" by her father, and under Viven (the bitch) that the evidence of Bartle Massey's proclaimed misogyny is listed, and qualified, with the information that Massey stayed home from Thias Bede's funeral to deliver the wayward animal's eulogy.

Robert Nye introduces Phyllis Hartnoll's guide with an equivocal recommendation: she "has done an exceptionally tricky job exceptionally well"; but is it exactly the job that needed doing?

With gun and bottle

By Harold Beaver

JAMES ALDRIDGE:
One Last Glimpse
182pp. Michael Joseph. £4.25.

In *A Moveable Feast* Hemingway describes a car journey which he made with Fitzgerald from Lyons to Paris. The publishers of *One Last Glimpse* date that trip to "about 1925". This is wrong. Hemingway at the time had not yet read *The Great Gatsby* (for so he claims); he clearly felt flattered to be invited by an older writer (senior in literary experience, not merely age); and the whole sarcastic tone is calculated to upstage a celebrity by a relative newcomer. The date, therefore, must be 1925, which saw the publication of Hemingway's first book, *In Our Time*.

This matter of timing is essential. For if the publishers are muddled, James Aldridge himself was not. It dates his book pointedly to 1929: "Fitzgerald and Hemingway were then about thirty, and they had very good shirts. Fitzgerald had already published *The Great Gatsby* and was working on *Tender is the Night*, and Hemingway had already made his reputation with *A Farewell to Arms*. I had come on them when

Sahibs and bugger-fellows

By Theon Wilkinson

CHAMAN NAHAL:
Azadi
370pp. André Deutsch. £4.25.

PAUL SCOTT:
Staying On
215pp. Heinemann. £3.90.

A Hindu Punjabi waiting expectantly for Home Rule in his home town of Sialkot finds that freedom means a mass exodus from Sialkot. Utterly enforced, not by the British but by his compatriot Punjabis, albeit of another religion. A British colonel of the Indian Army, instead of shaking off the dust of the country from which his government had been elected, deliberately chooses to retire to his favourite Indian hill station where he seeks to adjust to a reversal of roles in Indian society while struggling to maintain his Western standards. This is the stuff of *Azadi* ("Freedom") by Chaman Nahal and *Staying On* by Paul Scott; and reading these two quite different novels together—once a tragic narrative and the other a comedy—reveals how the two authors, the other by an Englishman about Colonel "Tusker" Smalley and his wife—one is struck yet again by the inescapable entanglements of British and Indian affairs.

Independence and with it Partition form the backcloth of both books. The scale of the disaster is hard to grasp. Had we television screens in 1947 we would have seen mile upon mile of refugees; 20,000 per ten-mile column with many such columns on both sides of the new India-Pakistan frontier; grain-laden massacres; mounds of dead being cremated in railway stations; and unparalleled examples of naked fury and hate. Mr Nahal, with detailed descriptions of the daily lives of seven families living in close proximity in two apartment houses in a predominantly Muslim city, makes it clear that both sides were guilty, and by concentrating on the smallness and normality of these people's lives shows how they were swept along by events.

Paul Scott's novel uses the same technique of noting the minutiae of a small community—the mundane, boring details of Indian hill-station life. He insists to the club, the weekly cinema, the same Sunday-lunch menu at the hotel to describe, not a cataclysmic event, but the illness and death of Colonel Tusker, and beyond it the glory that had been. Both novels are written in a style that is both subtle and by the author's own admission the events of 1947; Mr Scott's by

they were both enjoying some of the best and most successful moments of their lives." The two novelists, therefore, meet as equals now, no longer as whimsical misanthrope and bully apprentice. This is one decisive shift. The other is the trip itself. No longer a commonplace affair of picking up a stranded car, it has been transformed into a game, a test, or a decisive turning-point—both personal and public—theory of the Crash. (A car crash, too, symbolically ends this particular trip for the two novelists.)

For here everything turns on symbols. Though Scott and Zeldu, Ernest and Judith, Gerald and Sarah Murphy, all appear in propria persona, acting and speaking as their many letters and photographs would lead us (or rather a disciple as talented as James Aldridge) to expect them to act and speak, the whole journey is symbolic. This is a romance, not the love story enclosed. Nor is this a mere *jeu d'esprit*, despite some wildly funny sequences of Scott stalking Ernest with a double-barrelled Browning over a Norman grouse-moor, or Ernest trekking Scott through the Breton woods. Nor is it even caricature, in the manner of Max Beerbaum, though that comes closest: isolated shots of the couple debauching a youth with Veuve Vernay 1925 before dumping him in the sea, and the two men's farcical responses within a single setting. Neither novel nor literary caricature.

continuous shafts of humour which alleviate the story of the sahib's new pathetic life.

Both books, in their different ways, make a similar point about the love-hate relationship between Indian and English. The Hindu family of Mr Nahal's novel have a political hatred of the English but a secret admiration for the orderliness of their Raj and an open love for its regimental parades and colourful spectacles. Ibrahim, Colonel Tusker's only servant, combines a sense of superiority to the sahib with an inborn servility towards him and pride in his occasionally. When a British sahib is replaced by an Indian sahib, life goes on much the same according to Ibrahim, with "the thrill of doing things in the way your father had done them and his father before him, and you know the sahibs and memsahibs, the gleaming uniforms were mostly as black as you were yourself."

In both novels, too, there is an underlying disillusionment with the systems and leaders that led to the magic word "Azadi" and to Parti-

ture, then, this is a return to the oldest of fictions, moral allegory, dressed up in documentary trappings. It is a tale of Tweedledum (with a gun) and Tweedledee (with a bottle) endlessly observed with themselves as they squabble and quarrel and insult each other over the bright new rattle of their mutual talents. Their wives travel luxuriously in the Murphys' separate car; neither Scenty nor Dumbly, their children, are even named. For each is absorbed wholly in the other—what is less a fight to the death than a mutual grappling with death.

That at least is how the narrator sees it. He is a young Australian, a bruised pagan with a classical education, from the outback, who acts the go-between: he interprets this tale of dualities more complex than Poe's "William Wilson". For it tells of a fake hero and his alcoholic double, taunting each other as they discover further and further into ham performances or protective copies of themselves. As Scott puts it:

So you always have to keep the secret of your resources locked up, hidden away from dirty eyes and prying fingers. But the one trouble is that what we're protecting ourselves with is starting to get the better of us. Ernest actually looks like a prize-fighter and I look like a drunk, and I'm getting to look like a drunk.

Men and women who in spite of religious and racial differences had been welded by force of circumstance over many generations into a cohesive social structure based on place were suddenly and artificially made more conscious of their differences. Hindu and Muslim spoke and wrote one Punjabi language, implicitly respected each other's religion, intermarried, shared business interests, attended the same schools and colleges, were suicidal. Zeldu plays Cassandra: "You and I are very much alike, Ernest. We are both scared to death. To death. To death. But I'll be the one who dies bravely in the end, and you'll be the one who blows his eyes out."

It is better to be brutal and well-protected or alcoholic and vulnerable? James Aldridge does not take sides. He insists only that every writer must confront this battle of the books within himself by seeking his personal salvation between the polarities of Hugo and Balzac—the Scylla and Charybdis, which he has so lovingly recreated in all their perfunctory mannerism, of Hemingway and Fitzgerald.

promisingly enough, with the heroine wheeled up clown and freak. Margaret is grotesquely pregnant with twins, speckled with sores and naked when she leaps on to her husband's motorbike and leaves him. Sadly, the birth of daughters is a relief, for a farm community, whose life has until now been silent and punctured by break-downs at least a mood of self-deprecating humour. Thereafter Margaret is to be taken seriously, puffed, and like Judith Rossner's other heroines is shown to be split, though less strenuously, between father and mother, conventional and irregular domestic arrangements, her bullying husband and a gentle guru. Her ambition in life "is to have an 'in' with the man who she does not achieve, but her experiences revitalize her marriage and provide for a salutary rejection of parents."

Judith Rossner's view of life, and especially women's life, is a tragic one, which insists on the inescapable damage caused by family life and the determining effects of a loveless childhood. In *Looking for Mr Goodbar* she was obliged to work back from the murder to the compulsion of her father, who makes her speak to each other and think in an abbreviated language which suggests intimacy, while serving at times to repel the outsider's curiosity.

Impenetrable things are said and thought in *Any Minute I Can Split* too. A sentence like "Bearable to understand that his anger, masked a dependence that made him need her to be a better person to fight against, to lean upon" needs several readings to discover just how little it will yield. The novel starts

It is a morality, then, of two con-
trasted but interlocking types: the
literary prize-fighter, aiming always
for the kill, and the literary drunk,
aiming for failure.

On it James Aldridge has con-
structed a whole theory of litera-
ture:

"You know the weakness in
your theory, Ernest?"
"What theory?" Hemingway
said. "I don't believe in
theories."
"You're teaching Kit observa-
tion, but you're wrong. It's what
you bring to things that counts.
Not what you actually see."
"You're crazy," Hemingway
said. "You have to see what you
see, don't you?"
No. "Scott said, 'You're
telling him to start with the
obvious, which is like telling him
to stare like an ape at a blank
brick wall.'"
"Don't even listen to him, kid,"
Hemingway said to me. "Just
look for the obvious. It's the skin
of the world."

Thus runs this modern battle of
the books: of Hemingway-type ob-
servation versus the Fitzgerald-type
observer, of the professional hunter
versus the amateur, of the thick
skin versus moral fibre. Even
La Torque, the goal of this pil-
grimage, is a symbolic stage-set com-
memorated in both Balzac's *Les
Chouans* and Hugo's *1793*. The
Punch and Judy knockout is
fought in the Vendée, sanctified by
revolution and Breton counter-
revolutionary insurgents, under
opposing banners inscribed "Hugo"
(the "perfect reporter") and
"Balzac" (the alchemist).

What James Aldridge is explor-
ing is that crisis of creativity when
the artistic performance threatens to
stifle the private, the invention to
strangle the inventor. The Heming-
way answer, in this equation, is one
of self-conscious repression; the
Fitzgerald answer, one of self-
conscious expression. Both are
based on fear and both, he argues,
are suicidal. Zeldu plays Cassan-
dra: "You and I are very much
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The landed virtues

By Raymond Carr

JOHN JOILLIFFER (Editor):

Auberon Herbert
A Composite Portrait
79pp. Compton Russell. £2.

Auberon Herbert is a collection of tributes to a remarkable English aristocrat who died two years ago. Such tributes are the most difficult of literary genres and it would be graceless to point out the exaggerations and omissions of affection and the contradictions of imperfect memory. That it was written at all represents something more than the play of friendship. It is not merely the chronicle of a lovable English eccentric, some dead and dusty John Mytton of the West who planted his woods with varicoloured trees to look like the Union Jack and whose entry into the restaurant car of the Tamworth train was greeted by the waiters with the cry "Action Stations". It was his friend since we were both at Oxford—he at Balliol where his autophagy to progressives, as personified in his then Master, was early demonstrated for he was easily not a "big" man. The question I asked myself then and still ask myself is: why did the values he represented seem so disturbing, challenging, as they did, the conventional wisdom of our world?

He represented for me at Oxford, with his mannered courtesy—combined, as it then was, with extraordinary beauty—and he continued to represent, the best of the values of the English landed aristocracy before it lost its nerve: physical courage combined with moral integrity. I have never understood what people mean by the moral courage exhibited in verbal declarations of principle; unless accompanied by a readiness to die or suffer severe hardship, such exhibitions easily lapse into the posturing of the cross-grained, self-righteous man who can do no wrong. That Auberon Herbert would have died for any cause that he thought just? His friends, in this book, have hidden some of those less attractive characteristics of the English gentleman he shared with many of his class. For all his courtesy and his capacity to adapt to and revel in the bizarre from Liguria to Dulyveton, he had a violent temper when his extreme principles were slighted or his standards outraged.

It is characteristic of Auberon Herbert's whole style, his contempt for compromise, that he could not be ingested in the political establishment to which he belonged by birth but which had long despised the values he represented. In spite of the ties of personal friendship and kinship which he did not hesitate to mobilize to aid his political career, the *apparitions* of the Conservative Party never gave him a safe seat because, I suppose, they sensed a man of principle, an awkward customer who might never turn up on time for a committee meeting.

He told marvellous stories of his electoral campaigns in Sunderland and South Wales; but the only time he was not depressed was when he failed to get a local seat, Taunton. His inherited mission for public service, as was the case with many of his class and generation, could not be exercised in a meritocratic post-war England where the mystery of remote tongues, which he possessed, appeared in some way a disqualification for public office, proof of an incurable eccentricity of mind, a lack of what the eighteenth century called "bottom".

It might be thought that his championship of the Poles, Ukrainians and the Byelorussians was merely a result of this domestic failure, that he championed lost causes just as he hunted on frightful horses. This would be totally false. It is true that his commitment to Poles was intensified by accident when, unable through flat feet and masts to join the British Army, he served in the Polish forces; that his championship of the Byelorussians was deepened by an attachment to a traditionalist, largely untouched by the reforming hands that had destroyed his own Latin Mass.

His devotion to these causes, as every single tribute emphasizes, was a part of his whole view of himself: the sense that it was a mission of his class—and indeed of his family—to support unfashionable causes, however remote, simply because no one else much cared. As Patrick Leigh Fermor puts it, "an aristocratic and unhesitating family tendency to attempt, when public justice failed, to take whole nations under their wing." After Yalta and the shoddy treatment of the Poles he felt "a kind of collective guilt on behalf of the West". His championship of Poles, Byelorussians and Ukrainians was doomed to public failure. What he did was to consume personal effort to give individuals—above all the "London Poles"—a sense that they were not without friends in their worst hours of isolation and despair.



Ursula, elder daughter of the seventh Earl of Littlehampton, by Mark Gertler: Lady Ursula married a Croatian knight in 1856, and in spite of her work for Peace for Peasants for Peace still finds time for literature. "Last year her book *The Life and Thought of John Berger* was awarded the coveted Prix Fomina via *Mathematics*", according to Osbert Lancaster in *The Littlehampton Bequest*, an illustrated catalogue of the family portraits of the Littlehamptons of Dragefleete. Left, Winterhalter's portrait of the fifth Countess. The Littlehampton Bequest, first published in 1973, is to appear in paperback on Thursday (95pp. Methuen Paperbacks, 65p). Sir Osbert's extraordinary familiarity, not only with the great portrait-painters of the past five hundred years confirms the Littlehamptons (family motto "Mon Dieu Mon Sui") as part of our national heritage.

In those of his acquaintance not committed to these causes and who could not believe that the Soviet monolith was about to crumble under the pressure of resurgent peripheral nationalism, he induced both a sense of shame and, at times, of exasperation. He expected of one a devotion and interest that corresponded to his own. He could drive one into the ground with the details of emigre politics—he was something of an ancient mariner—and, as several of his friends observe, he could land one in strange situations. While we were still up at Oxford he persuaded me to put up in a college a Czech ecclesiastic with whom, since he refused to speak German, I could only communicate in schoolboy Latin.

Alas, I cannot sense the very centre of his being: his Catholic faith. Without it he would have been rootless in a world gone to pieces after Yalta. Nor can I judge his despair at the reforms of Vatican II; only relate his

characteristic way of expressing it. He found a supply of cardboard money inscribed "Give Us Back Our Mass" which he encouraged his friends to put into the collection plate "to confuse", as Malcolm Muggeridge reports, "irony priests".

His home was Pixton. Its open hospitality, like the coal fires in its bathrooms, was a survival of a more generous age. As Pixton he died. To the end, as the editor of this collection observes, "I suspect he thought that, though we may all be equal in the sight of God, nothing on earth can make us equal in the sight of each other."

This book is to be commended, not merely in Auberon Herbert's diverse friends, from Devon stag-hunters to Byelorussian priests, and to those who, like myself, loved him and delighted in his company. It illuminates, in the life and works of a representative of a heroic, now almost extinct species, the passing of an epoch.



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A Scottish slant

By Janet Adam Smith

C. W. HILL:
Edinburgh Scotland
182pp. Scottish Academic Press.
£5.50.

An old-fashioned title like "Gleanings from the North" or "An Edwardian Patchwork" would have better fitted the contents of C. W. Hill's book. He has an eye for the colourful anecdote and a relish for the piquant story, but his sense of relevance is odd. His first chapter, "The Merry Monarch", is about Edward VII's exploits and amours; appendices, postponed Coronation, naval review, racing successes, Transvaal, Lily Langtryp, Mrs Keppel et al. Scotland comes in with three paragraphs out of sixteen in his Scottish holidays, and with a last paragraph beginning: "It is not easy to assess the Scottish view of the King's character and conduct." So it is for much of *Edinburgh Scotland*: away goes Mr Hill on a story that interests him even if it is in another place or another time, then rather desperately grabs for a Scottish connection. So in the chapter "Medicines and Murders" he describes the murder of the architect Stanford White in New York, because "it is a vicarious excitement" in Scottish readers of the popular "penny papers", and because the "lady whom White was supposed to have seduced may have been the daughter of a Caledonian Railway plate-layer."

The chapter on "Home Rule" has half a page on the Scottish Home Rule movement, the rest is about Ireland. And even though individual Scottish names, Bryce, Abernethy, and others, are mentioned, it is not a book about Scotland, and it is difficult to see what this tells us about Scotland. The chapter on "The Merry Monarch" is a chapter where Mr Hill sticks closest to his stated theme: this deals with housing, rents, wages, employment, drink, public health, and the rise of the Scottish Labour Party.

The bibliography lists many memoirs and biographies of eminent statesmen—Asquith, Lloyd George, Balfour, Campbell-Bannerman, Haldane—from which Mr Hill has picked information and anecdotes with a Scottish slant; the memoirs of humble people, who live more firmly based in Scotland—such as those, to take the first names that come to mind, of Edwin Muir, J. I. Bell, Amy Stuart Fraser—would have given a better idea of what life was actually like for Scots in Scotland in the reign of this Merry Monarch.

The manufacturing lobby

By Nicholas Faith

WYN GRANT and DAVID MARSH:
The Confederation of British Industry
226pp. Hodder and Stoughton. £16.50 (paperback £3.95).

It is always difficult to be a pioneer, even if the exploration is only in written form. Any critic of Wyn Grant and David Marsh's *The Confederation of British Industry*, astonishingly the first book about the CBI since its formation twelve years ago, should recall the problems faced by the leader-writers on the seventh day of the Creation. All *The Times* could contrive to say was "It is early yet..." (though *The Economist* was less tentative: "God", it declared with its customary crispness, "has had a bad year").

The new volume should, in theory, be doubly welcome. It is not only the first study in book form, but previously there has been little if any attempt by journalists to write in any depth about the CBI, which, in their flip world-weary way, they tend to describe as "boring". By this, of course, they mean that they are interested primarily in following the obvious holders of power within the body politic and economic, and, in their ruthless, voyeuristic way, find the CBI's position within the power struggle marginal, less crucial (and therefore less interesting to them, if not to their readers) than the City or the trade union movement. Indeed the authors recognize the limitations of the power of British manufacturing industry. "Neither the CBI nor individual manufacturing firms," they say, "have a direct sanction equivalent to the political strike or to the City's ability to move vast amounts of capital out of the country."

It seems, therefore, rather perverse of the authors to concentrate

on the CBI's role as an interest group rather than on its troubled first decade. Indeed they devote much thought and valuable space to trying to assess the CBI to see if it fits into some of the many theories available about the role and purpose of interest groups. You have the pluralists, with their conviction that, in any democracy worthy of the name, lobbies cancel each other out. You have Ralph Miliband, proving with a wealth of examples that the British power elite uses the state to its own purposes; and you have the "pure" Marxists who pour scorn on the wretched Miliband from a great theoretical height for committing the ultimate sin and actually looking closely at the objective evidence, undeterred by the fact that this is precisely what Marx and Engels did so impressively.

Not content with these broader theoretical theories, Messrs Grant and Marsh spend even more of their time discussing whether the hapless CBI fits neatly into the narrower definitions laid down by such as Olson (who believes that powerful interest groups exercise influence because they are of proved utility in their members in some unrelated field). Indeed it is rather sad to see the authors, honest fellows not given to suppressing the evidence, coming up with such reasons given by CBI members for joining the Confederation. Such phrases as "we are members because it's the accepted thing to do... it's easier to pay than have the CBI poster over the next door" are hardly less crucial (and therefore less interesting to them, if not to their readers) than the City or the trade union movement. Indeed the authors recognize the limitations of the power of British manufacturing industry. "Neither the CBI nor individual manufacturing firms," they say, "have a direct sanction equivalent to the political strike or to the City's ability to move vast amounts of capital out of the country."

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Clause 8, which allowed the government to take an equity stake in companies as part of the reward for financial aid. It was precisely this point, in less extreme form, which had caused the breach with the Labour Government in 1967. The authors trace the weaknesses of the CBI's protestations as one of the four "case studies in influence" which are the most valuable part of their book. But because they are so busy chasing after theoretical pathways they do not provide an adequate analysis of the background to the cavalier way that Mr Heath treated his natural allies. They barely mention, for instance, the contempt Heath came to feel for the economic analyses provided by the CBI and his consequent tendency to prefer to work with the TUC.

This is a profoundly serious lapse. For although the present Labour Government is accused (though not by the unions themselves) of leaning too heavily on the advice of the TUC, yet, historically, they are merely following in Mr Heath's footsteps. But the butting may be over: the ten-year siege of the CBI could be at an end. The acid test will come with the results of the Bullock report. If, as is likely, the TUC does not get its way in the crucial area of worker representation on company boards, it will largely be because the Labour Government, unlike its Tory predecessor, takes the CBI seriously.

But even if the CBI wins this particular argument, it will merely serve to highlight an even more crucial problem: must the CBI move at the speed of its slowest members, or can it, like the FBI over indicative planning, march boldly ahead, knowing that even its fastest pace is going to be barely speedy enough to keep up with the public mood? It is a pity that this book does not help very much to provide any idea of whether the CBI can afford to be Bucken about its role vis-à-vis British industry, or whether it will follow the present member for Bristol South-East in the sacred name of a free market, the CBI dared not complain.

But then came John Davies's—rather Mr Heath's—Industry Act of 1972, especially the infamous

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The open highways

By Roger Longrigg

ADRIANNE COOPER:

Lara in America
111pp. John Murray. £3.50.

Lara is a chestnut Anglo-Arab mare, standing 15.2 hands, thirteen years old at the time of this adventure. Adrienne Cooper decided one morning to fly her to America and "ride through the West". She had some experience of long-distance riding to Ireland, and she certainly had a sense of the right animal.

"Horse and rider flew to New York in June, 1975, with the first of her own team. (The latter included Princess Anne, who was thus able to give a warm send-off to Mrs Cooper on her travels, and to this book in a foreword.) They boxed in Lexington, Kentucky, and thence to Nebraska, in order to cut out a lot of boring bits. Then—with occasional lifts in boxes or trailers—they rode through Wyoming, Idaho, Utah and Colorado, finishing on the racecourse at Denver. They boxed back to Lexington, rode through West Virginia and Virginia, boxed into Pennsylvania, and finished at Lancaster, Pa. on October 27.

The equestrian part of Mrs Cooper's account is interesting and informative—without recording (certainly without claiming) any

very startling achievements. They never went more than thirty miles in a day, and averaged less than twenty. For a fit Arab, carrying a lightweight with minimal baggage, on daily hard feed, these distances are modest indeed. Much of the journey was on roads, and they walked more than they trotted, and they never once cantered or all.

It is as a record of human contacts by the wayside that *Lara in America* is so delightful; and especially as a sustained (but not unqualified) tribute to American hospitality. There is also much of factual interest. Western ranch wives, for instance, are just the hard-working, free-speech, open-minded ladies who, in the country, are surrounded by badgers and wildflowers, they fill their houses with plastic flowers; they always use margarine instead of butter.

American country roads often have splendid broad grass verges, useful to horses because furry of broken bottles, Coke cans, and pieces of barbed wire. At Hall, owens, children knock at the doors of houses and are given pieces of candy; it is the joke of some of the broken razor-blades in the candy. As these snippets show, there is nothing sugary about Mrs Cooper's reactions. She is uncritically adoring only about the horse who carried her so well and cheerfully, which is right and proper. She plans a similar trip through Eastern Europe; I wish her and Lara luck, and hope she writes a book about it.

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By Charles Tomlinson

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Selected Translations

190pp. Carcanet New Press. £3.25 (paperback, £2.25).

The translations in Edwin Morgan's *Rites of Passage* are drawn chiefly from the twentieth century, with two or three poets from the nineteenth, a passage of Shakespeare in Scots and a group of Anglo-Saxon poems. He has reprinted only those poems "done directly from the original texts" — for one, he omitted the omission of Samuel West's "The Last Psalm" which has always seemed to me one of Mr Morgan's most convincing and sustained efforts. As to method: "Despite the forceful exemplars of Ezra Pound, Robert Lowell and Christopher Logue," he writes, "I have persistently refused myself freedom of approach and have tried to work within a sense of close and deep obligation to the other poet. So one knows where one stands, though one would have thought Pound's careful scrutiny of Fenollosa's notes or of Cavalcanti's text placed him in a different school from the other two.

It was a sentence of Pound's that came to mind more than once in reading these far-ranging translations: "Pope has at least the merit of translating Homer into something." Pound meant into a definite idiom. And it is the sense of a definite idiom that enlivens Morgan's Mayakovsky in Scots. The idiom possesses, in Mr Morgan's own words, "a vein of fantastic satire that seems to accommodate Mayakovsky more readily than anything in English verse," and clearly the matching of colloquialism and dexterity of rhyming released an answering vitality in the translator. Scots also serves Morgan well in another context:

the glorie, the gree, the tap-rung but
the malice the tap-rung taks, . . .
This comes from "The Hell's-Hand-
sel O Leidy Macheth," and the
unprompted reader might not have
immediately recognized in this
"Thou wouldest be great:
Art not without ambition, but
without
The illness should attend it. . . ."

Morgan translates Mayakovsky and Shakespeare into a resistant and definite idiom that one wonders he did not use Scots for his Anglo-Saxon versions. Here he courts too often the risk of verbal dilution where little energy springs from the linguistic encounter:

When groves bloom and castles are
in the air, the earth dances,
all these are voices for the eager
mind,
telling such hearts to set out again
vying far over the ocean-stream.
There is no bite in that comparable
to the Scots colloquialisms else-
where. Of course, the tone called
for is very different, but Michael
Alexander's version of this passage
of "The Scavenger" wins at every
turn by a closer matching of the
them in the language of the origi-
nal:

The thriving of the freeland, the
town's briskeness,
a lightness over the lens, life
gathering,
everything surges the eagerly
man to venture on the voyage he
thinks of
the faring over flood, the far hourn.

[How "close and deep" is "the obligation to the other poet" Morgan speaks of in his introduction? It does not seem violated in his handling of poems that take their stand on a broad and perhaps slightly self-satisfied humanity, as anything by Quasimodo, Brecht and Yevushenko, though when in Yevushenko's "Yevushenko says he will not know how to be calmed down, Morgan's "I shall not cease from mental fight" hardly earns its laurels.

the New Directions *Selected Poems* edited by Glauco Gamboni, and you feel that, yes, Morgan has translated them into something. "Tidings from Mt. Ararat" is a brave attempt and if T. S. Eliot had had Mr Morgan's "Ararat" in 1928, he would not have needed to print in *The Criterion* Mario Praz's polemicized version. All the same, if you have ever committed any of Montale's phrases to memory, it is impossible not to feel that a finesse, hardly called upon in translating Quasimodo, is necessary here. Take "Mottetto: Al primo chiaro." Morgan translates this as, "At crack of dawn," when something like "At first light" would have been less crude. The initial crudity entails a second, for Montale modulates to "Al primo hui" and Morgan is forced into the unlikely "at crack of dark." Montale has a burn or graver "that gnaws into the desk," Morgan one "that scrawls deep/in the desk." Montale ends his poem with a single phrase beautifully and simply: Morgan breaks this down, ends the penultimate line with an exclamation mark to give some ghost of syntactic conviction, then is forced to close on a totally new sentence and bolster it with an imperative verb quite foreign to the subtly implicit original:

al chiaro e al buio, soste ancora
se tu a intrecciare col tuo refe
insisti.

as against:
at dawn and dark, pauses that are
representative contents of "the
mind of Europe". Perhaps a few of
them got there simply because he
happened to translate them. But, by
and large, the choice seems the
result of a conscious sense of the
coherence of European culture.

Such is the irony of that "impos-
sible art," as Bryusov called trans-
lation, that the presence of Montale, though expressively blurring,
still challenges the brutal
Mayakovsky who convincingly men-
aces the close of this selection.

Colliding continents

By Anthony Thwaite

TAUFIK RAFAT, MAKI KUREISHI,

KALEEM OMAR:

Wordfall

Three Pakistani Poets

78pp. Karachi: Oxford University Press. £3.50.

I have not chosen the English language," wrote Conrad, "it has chosen me." Many African, Indian and Pakistani writers might say the same today. What began as an imperial imposition has become a creative necessity. No one can sensibly question why Soyinka, Nanyan or the Nalpas write in English: their work has currency and reputation throughout the English-speaking world. What they have produced has made it easier for other African, Indian and West Indian writers not only to be taken seriously but avoid condescending irrelevances about the language they happen to use.

But this is not so in all parts of the old empire. An editorial in a college magazine in Pakistan carries the sentence: "To be brutally frank we must acknowledge that the person writing in English in Pakistan today does so because he cannot express himself in any other language—least of all his own." An elite that has been educated in English will find it most natural to use English for imaginative as well as utilitarian purposes; and, in spite of political pressures, every now and then goes on being educated in Pakistan. The large popular audience for poetry, old and new, in Urdu, Punjabi and Pushto continues; but a significant minority of Pakistani poets write in English, and some of them deserve an audience much bigger than the restricted, beleaguered and often apologetic one they in fact command.

Wordfall is the third collection of Pakistani poets writing in English to be published by OUP. It follows on from *First Voices* (1965) and *Pieces of Eight* (1971). Unlike the earlier anthologies, it confines itself to a substantial choice of work by only three poets: Rafat, Kureishi and Omar. The editors have chosen a wide range of work, from the early to the late, and from the personal to the political. The collection is a valuable addition to the literature of the subcontinent.

What of the poems of Montale, the most ambitious perhaps of all Morgan's undertakings here? Place them in the context of the other two, and you will find that they are not so much a challenge to the translator as a challenge to the reader.

Laze the Noon". Morgan translates it as "Dozing at midday, dazed and pale." "Dozing" hardly gets the attentiveness possible to "merglare" and burns out by the rest of the poem, and "dazed" misses the thoughtfulness implied by "assorto", i.e. "absorbed" or "intent". The poem has one of Montale's great endings:

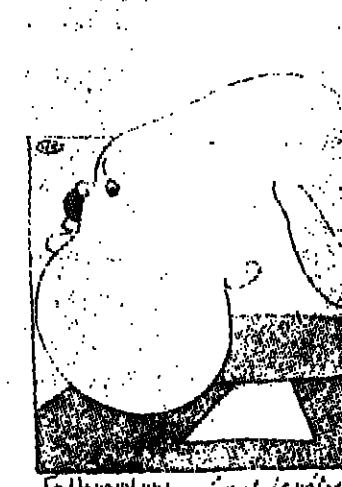
una meraviglia
che ha in cima cocci aguzzi di
bottiglia.

Key translates, "a wall with jagged bottle for its rim." It is difficult to imagine a wall with a rim. The New Directions wall appears, dressed

With bite of broken bottles on its crest.
"Crest" is summoned up by "dressed" and both are equally implausible. Morgan does somewhat better than this, though the sight of the broken glass is indicated "with a shudder" (not present in Montale). His last line runs: "looking up where its sharp broken bottles are flaunted!" No exclamation mark exists in Montale and "flaunted" goes there as a half-rhyme for "sauntered" earlier in the verse, close and deep obligation disappearing downwind, for there is neither flaunting nor sauntering in the original poem.

Mr Morgan's ambitious but uneven book confronts one with poems that are intelligently chosen as representative contents of "the mind of Europe". Perhaps a few of them got there simply because he happened to translate them. But, by and large, the choice seems the result of a conscious sense of the coherence of European culture.

Such is the irony of that "impossible art," as Bryusov called translation, that the presence of Montale, though expressively blurring, still challenges the brutal Mayakovsky who convincingly menaces the close of this selection.



Stolop and Count Ignatieff as seen by Karrik (Valeriy Vasil'evich [or Vil'iamovich]). They are from a collection of 130 pen-and-ink drawings (with coloured wash) of prominent Russian figures, dating from c. 1902-10, which was in Sothby's auction (March 17-18) of French and Russian literature and Continental illustrated books.

your apt pupil, Mother, purpose—
Christian, exempt from belief.

We kept inside our cathedrals all we learned;
it looked out of place at home,
and walked across two continents
to school.

The collision of two continents,
two cultures, is frequently there in her poems, composed out of the impact of the social and educational reforms of the new regime. The extension of educational opportunities to all classes, the regular dispatch of students to Europe at government expense, the encouragement of adult education, were all intended to create a new class equipped to cope with the problems of technological advance and bureaucratic expansion.

Most of these new intellectuals fitted neatly enough into the new kind of society that was being developed; but side by side with them, the naturalists, the naturalists, who seized eagerly on the arguments and discussions of inter-war Europe, and found in them justification for their reluctance to join the race. It can hardly be without significance that the role of Reza Shah, which witnessed massive social and economic progress directed from above, also saw a flowering of original literary activity represented by such writers as Sadeq Hedayat and Bozorg Alavi, whose attitude towards the prevailing trend in government and society was negative, to say the least. Some writers, indeed, went further (Alavi was one). Their European experiences had brought them into contact with social-democratic, socialist and Marxist theories which, applied to the Iranian situation, convinced them that the whole direction of the Pahlavi reform was mistaken, whatever its practical advantages might seem to be. It was impossible in their view that a revolution imposed from above could be a genuine revolution. The logical conclusion from this was that it was right to work against the regime, and equally the inevitable response of the regime was to clamp down not merely on those who seemed to be actively undermining the work of reconstruction and modernization, but any whose writings could be felt to be sympathetic to those with such aims.

The tension might have come to an end in 1941, when Reza Shah abdicated under Anglo-Soviet pressure, his son, the new king, actually intensified it. While the

debate will continue in Pakistan, I hope the time is soon coming when work of the quality published in Wordfall will be accepted enthusiastically, naturally and without preliminary throat-clearing about which language a writer "chooses". Shahid Hossain put it modestly, perhaps too modestly: "We assert only that we have done justice by the language in which we write, that we use it in a manner which demands at least a hearing". Taufiq Rafat, Maki Kureishi and Kaleem Omar have written, and doggedly so on writing, poems that lack only one thing: readers.

No place for the poets

By L. P. Elwell-Sutton

REZA BARAHANI:

God's Shadow

103pp. Bloomington: Indiana University Press. £6.70.

"God's Shadow," writes Reza Barahani, "is . . . a title the Iranian kings have used for centuries in order to give their rule a metaphysical backing. The present monarch also calls himself God's Shadow." Only of course he doesn't. And so, though we have even opened the book, we are faced with a misleading title, whether it stems from inadvertence, ignorance, or hostility, neatly symbolizes the alienation and mutual incomprehension that separates the ruling establishment and the intelligentsia in present-day Iran. This is by no means a phenomenon unique to that country. It is likely to be found in any society that is rapidly emerging from a near-medieval condition into the modern age. We can see this in the Soviet Union, China, Cuba and India. Nevertheless Iran may offer a particularly vivid case-study if only because of her greater degree of isolation (as compared with the other nations mentioned) from European influence and the short space of time in which the changes are taking place.

Certainly it would be a mistake to regard any society as wholly stagnant; but up to fifty years ago Iran was drifting along on a current of economic and social progress rather than forging ahead on her own. In such a state of affairs the intellectual was the natural leader. His theories and analyses might not affect the direction of the drift, but at least they could indicate where the ship of state was going. But once the technocrats had taken over, as they began to do when Reza Shah came to the throne in 1925)—men with little interest in theories and abstract doctrines and with an eye for short cuts and quick practical solutions—the ship began to move ahead under its own steam, and the intellectual was faced with the choice of following meekly the new leaders or opting out altogether.

By a curious irony, this situation arose just when the intellectual class was beginning to expand under the impact of the social and educational reforms of the new regime. The extension of educational opportunities to all classes, the regular dispatch of students to Europe at government expense, the encouragement of adult education, were all intended to create a new class equipped to cope with the problems of technological advance and bureaucratic expansion.

Most of these new intellectuals fitted neatly enough into the new kind of society that was being developed; but side by side with them, the naturalists, the naturalists, who seized eagerly on the arguments and discussions of inter-war Europe, and found in them justification for their reluctance to join the race. It can hardly be without significance that the role of Reza Shah, which witnessed massive social and economic progress directed from above, also saw a flowering of original literary activity represented by such writers as Sadeq Hedayat and Bozorg Alavi, whose attitude towards the prevailing trend in government and society was negative, to say the least. Some writers, indeed, went further (Alavi was one). Their European experiences had brought them into contact with social-democratic, socialist and Marxist theories which, applied to the Iranian situation, convinced them that the whole direction of the Pahlavi reform was mistaken, whatever its practical advantages might seem to be. It was impossible in their view that a revolution imposed from above could be a genuine revolution. The logical conclusion from this was that it was right to work against the regime, and equally the inevitable response of the regime was to clamp down not merely on those who seemed to be actively undermining the work of reconstruction and modernization, but any whose writings could be felt to be sympathetic to those with such aims.

The tension might have come to an end in 1941, when Reza Shah abdicated under Anglo-Soviet pressure, his son, the new king, actually intensified it. While the

politicians and the technocrats were regarded as little more than an irrelevance by those who were now trying to rebuild the country, to industrialize, to educate, to establish Iran as a significant force in world affairs. The technocrats were impatient of dissent and obstruction; for them the essential preliminary to all such progress was unity of purpose, discipline, patriotism, and an end to the centrifugal tendencies that have tended to trouble Iran throughout her history, not least during the years between 1941 and 1953.

The dilemma of the intellectual in Iran is thus, as well as being alienated from the ruling elite, he is also detached from the mass of the people, the urban working class no less than the peasantry, whose standard of living has steadily risen as the economic and social reforms initiated by the present regime have begun to bite. The masses are not much lured by restrictions on freedom to express political and social ideas; on the contrary, they are easily persuaded that the dissidents are mere obstructions in the way of the improvement of their lot. Nor is this assessment so far wrong. Iranian intellectuals returning from the United States, that has little time for anyone or anything else, still one might have hoped for some vision, some hope, some glimpse into the future. Barahani fails to give us this; indeed such political

in long industrialized societies to like Iran fighting its way out of a not far distant medievalism. Many intellectuals in Iran have of course found a way of bringing their talents to the service of the nation, so helping to steer society in the direction in which they would like to see it go. Reza Barahani, however, is one of those who have opted out, and one opens his book hoping for some light on the position and problems of the intelligentsia in the new Iranian society. But while much of what has been said in this long preamble is implicit in Barahani's writing, there is little to help us in this collection of recent poems which were written originally in Persian and translated into English by the poet himself (with the help, as he acknowledges, of three American collaborators). Barahani has written fine poetry in the past, and it is a pity that the first samples to appear in English should be of rather poor and limited quality. Understandably, perhaps, he is so distracted by his personal sufferings, so obsessed by hatred of his oppressors, so intimidated by the shadow of prison (though most of these poems were written in the United States), that he has little time for anyone or anything else. Still one might have hoped for some vision, some hope, some glimpse into the future. Barahani fails to give us this; indeed such political

the conventionalized accounts of prison life, the liberal sprinkling of "asses", "picks" and similar concessions to Western prurience, all serve to remind us that Barahani is writing for a Western, and specifically an American, intellectual audience. He is as much a victim of *ghorbizadegi*, "Westmanism", as any of those whom his friend Jalal Al-Ahmad attacked nearly fifteen years ago in his famous banned pamphlet of that name—though Barahani would be the last to see it.

This is not great poetry (in spite of the claim on the dustjacket); it is not even particularly good. Occasionally we get glimpses of the poet beneath—moments in "Broken Images of Decay", "Another Dream"; but they are too rare even to help us to understand the mind of Barahani, let alone to illuminate for us the social and intellectual problems of a rapidly changing society like Iran.

Some may call it "revisionist" to say that not everyone in America drank bathtub gin during the twenties, or wore a raccoon coat, or speculated in blue-sky stocks. Yet Paul

Carter shows in this sensitive, perceptive work of cultural and intellectual history that there is an alternative portrait of the decade epitomized by Scott and Zelda Fitzgerald.

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Another Part of the Twenties
Paul A. Carter

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The hit-and-run brigade

By Richard Clutterbuck

WALTER LAQUEUR: Guerrilla
A Historical and Critical Study
462pp. Weidenfeld and Nicolson.
£8.95.

FRANK KITSON: Bunch of Five
306pp. Faber. £5.95.

Few people would question that guerrilla warfare and terrorism have become, since 1945, the predominant forms of conflict for our time; but perhaps fewer are aware that, except for a period of about 200 years (from the mid-eighteenth to the mid-twentieth century) guerrilla warfare nearly always has been the predominant form of war. It has been relatively rare in history for two armies of equal strength to fight each other. Far more common have been the attempts by peoples forced into subjugation by a powerful army to harass that army by partisan warfare, using guerrilla tactics to pick off its outposts or interrupt its supplies. The Roman Legion had to

cope with this and so, Walter Laqueur tells us in *Guerrilla*, did Mursili the Hittite in the fifteenth century BC.

Terrorism (including the activities of the modern urban guerrilla) is not the same thing, though it may often be one of the techniques used by the guerrilla in his wider war. It is fair to assume that terrorism is one of the oldest techniques of all—as old as civilization. Ever since the naked ape emerged from the jungle, he had to form cooperative groups to survive, first to hunt and later to cultivate; for at least 10,000 years, men have needed to protect their cultivations and their tribal homes. Groups need chiefs, and there will always have been individual dissidents or rivals ready to use personal violence to attack both the chiefs and their vulnerable agents and to intimidate the silent majority into non-cooperation.

Professor Laqueur devotes relatively little of his book to terrorism and most of it to guerrilla warfare and guerrilla doctrine. *Guerrilla* is a big book of over 150,000 words with fifty pages of notes and bibliography; one must immediately compare it with Robert Asprey's monumental *War in the Shadows: The Guerrilla in History* (Macdonald and Jane's,

1976) which is over three times as long. Asprey disclaimed any attempt to write a history of guerrilla war, and set out only to explain the Vietnam War (which occupies over a third of his book) in the historical context of guerrilla war. He achieved that purpose and, so doing, often described the historical examples better and more fully than Laqueur. This applies particularly to China, the resistance movements against the Germans and the jungle guerrilla wars against the Japanese in the Second World War, all of which Laqueur deals with very briefly. Both writers are historians and both books are superbly documented. For the military historian, and especially for the reader who wants to study the fund of experience available to the two sides in Vietnam, and how they succeeded or failed to make use of it, I recommend Asprey. For those who want to study the emergence of guerrilla doctrine as such, I recommend Laqueur, who ends with a valuable chapter on the various guerrilla doctrines which have been fashionable since 1945. Neither book has much to say about the Palestinians, but that is presumably because they are terrorists rather than guerrillas. The nearest approach to a definitive history of terrorism is Albert Parry's *Terrorism* published in

1976 by Vanguard in New York but not so far in Britain.

After the first twenty-five pages, Laqueur concentrates entirely on the nineteenth and twentieth centuries, starting with the Spanish guerrilla in 1809 when, so far as I know, the term "guerrilla" was first coined (incidentally, "guerrilla" in Spanish means "small war" and strictly speaking we should call the men who fight it a *guerrillero*, but we must now accept the common usage of "guerrilla" to mean a person). Throughout the nineteenth century, guerrilla operations in Europe, as in Spain itself, were largely subordinated to the operations of the massive armies which the French Revolution and Napoleon introduced into the conduct of war. The guerrilla was nevertheless still to be found operating independently in the two sides in Vietnam, and French colonies and in North and South America, and at the end of the century in the Boer War where, at one time, what was virtually a guerrilla army nearly took impossible for the British regular army to function. I, for one, would have liked a little more than the five pages which Laqueur devotes to the Boers, because they probably were the most sophisticated rural guerrillas that the world has seen, though not the most ruthless.

Laqueur does, however, cover a tremendous number of examples clearly and economically. He deals with the Tyrol (1809), Russia (1812), the operations of Bolivar and others in Latin America, Gurbaldi, and the long French resistance in 1870-71 between Sedan and the fall of Paris. He then looks at the origins of modern guerrilla doctrine in the nineteenth century, examining the writings of military philosophers such as Clausewitz, Marshal de Saxe, T. M. Maguire, and Marx and Engels; these last two were, in fact, lukewarm about guerrilla warfare, doubting whether the European populations would have the stomach for it. Blanqui—that most disastrous of revolutionaries—gets a thousand words or so, though it is doubtful whether turning out the crowds on the barricades really qualifies as guerrilla warfare.

Guerrillas played a small part in the First World War and, as Laqueur rightly points out, even that was confined to minor theatres. This does not, however, justify him in dismissing both the fighting and the writing of T. E. Lawrence quite so lightly. Arabid was certainly a minor theatre, but Lawrence displayed a genius for the art of the guerrilla and—most unusually—was able to communicate this on paper. Could anyone, for example, have put a better man in Lawrence's shoes, why he considered it wiser not to force the Turks to withdraw from Medina but rather to anchor them there, relying on the lifeline of the 700 miles of vulnerable desert railway behind them? He described the guerrillas as "an influence, an intangible vapour". By contrast, regular armies were "like plants . . . firm-rooted, nourished through long stems to the head". Ultimately the vapour would cause the plants to over-extend, itself wither and die. This, surely, went right to the heart of guerrilla doctrine.

But that gem was picked out not by Laqueur but by Asprey—who, incidentally, was the man chosen to replace Lawrence's long-standing essay on guerrilla warfare in the *Encyclopedia Britannica*. Laqueur goes no farther than to allow that Lawrence's writing was "a curious mixture of brilliant insights of stating the obvious and of arrant nonsense", and for his quotations he tends to pick the "nonsense" out of its context—much of it no more than a manifestation of Lawrence's rather bizarre sense of humour. But to be fair, opinions do polarize about Lawrence and Laqueur is not his only detractor.

While Lawrence fought in the desert, the IRA was in its infancy in Dublin, after the block-headed overreaction by the British after the 1916 Easter Rising. Laqueur gives Michael Collins his due as the pioneer of the "urban guerrilla" warfare (though he does not like the term). Collins concentrated on the British intelligence organization and, like Lawrence, had put his finger on the right spot. Laqueur shows a sure touch here, but I would not agree

with him in classing the German *Freikorps*, which gave birth to Hitler's Brownshirts, as guerrillas. They were not clandestine; they did not operate in small numbers (they had twice the strength of the German regular army) and seemed to contribute nothing to guerrilla doctrine or tactics.

The chapter on the Second World War does justice to the resistance movements against the German occupation but, surprisingly, has little to say about those against the Japanese, though there is some mention of these as background in the chapter on China and Vietnam and in that on the wars of national liberation and revolutionary wars.

Laqueur is at his best in the last two chapters, where he summarizes his findings on guerrilla doctrine today. He gives a succinct analysis of the new, largely discarded rural guerrilla foci theories of Ché Guevara and of his self-appointed evangelist Régis Debray; also of the urban guerrilla philosophies of Carlos Marighella and Abraham Guillen, of the bitter pessimism of Frantz Fanon, of the Palestinians and the philosophy of terror; and of Nkrumah, Nasser and Guevara. He has an interesting essay on the attitudes of communist parties to guerrillas. His summing-up contains some thoughts on countering guerrilla warfare and on its future.

Guerrilla is a masterpiece of crystallization, and therefore an extremely valuable reference book to have on one's shelves. For those in a hurry to refresh their memories on almost any guerrilla movement in the past two centuries, or about any contemporary guerrilla doctrine, the essentials are there, concisely described. The book is well indexed and well documented, my only regret here being the absence of a fuller table of contents at the start. Laqueur just gives chapter titles, but how useful it would have been if he had included the subheadings which he uses in the text, usually about ten per chapter. For if people are going to buy a book as expensive as this, it will be because they intend to use it for reference over the years to come—I know I shall.

Frank Kitson's *Bunch of Five* takes its title from the cockney term for "flat". The four fingers on this one are accounts of the author's experience as a relatively young officer in four campaigns—in Kenya, Malaya, Oman and Cyprus. The fifth, or thumb, is a crystallization of the ideas he developed from these experiences, put more briefly and, I think, more fully than in his famous *Low Intensity Operations*.

In this book he reveals more about himself than can be known from any equation as a constitutional professional soldier who has, for nearly a quarter of a century, been the army's most successful fighter against guerrillas and terrorists. I have never understood why he has been a controversial figure. His particular genius lay in the field of intelligence—two footed intelligence built up by a mass of background information acquired mainly by getting every one of his soldiers involved and interested, so that they knew where to look and what to look for. As a company commander in Malaya, with about a hundred (mainly National Service) rifle-men, he used to sit round with them in the evening talking about the personalities and idiosyncracies of the individual members of the group they were hunting, so that when they came across some shred of evidence, such as a scrap of clothing or a trivial personal possession, they could detect who had been there. The results spoke for themselves, usually in a few months the entire group were either dead or behind bars. It is no wonder that his soldiers in the jungle in Malaya, peace-keeping in Cyprus and later in Northern Ireland regarded him with the affection and awe that is reserved for the pro.

Just as Field Marshal Slim's *Unofficial History*, about his own early life, revealed the kind of man he really was, so *Bunch of Five* tells us what makes Frank Kitson tick. It also tells us, perhaps better than any other book, how this kind of war is fought at the sharp end, in company with the cockney rifle-men who wit Frank Kitson captures with a warmth which will astonish his detractors and which left me at times aching with laughter. I cannot remember enjoying a book so much for a long time.

Master at arms

By Geoffrey Best

CARL VON CLAUSEWITZ: On War

Edited and translated by Michael Howard and Peter Paret
Introductory essays by Peter Paret, Michael Howard and Bernard Brodie; with a commentary by Bernard Brodie
717pp. Princeton University Press.
£11.40.

ADAM ROBERTS: Nations in Arms

The theory and practice of territorial defence
288pp. Canto and Windus, £7.50.

The man we are here most concerned with was a man of many parts, most of them pleasant, admirable and distinguished. One of his present sponsors introduces him as "intensely intellectual but also with limited formal education . . . deeply sensitive and passionate and yet [living] in an age and . . . committed to a profession which to all eyes seemed to be an extraordinary experience with war" (Bernard Brodie). Another of them, commenting on his enormous productivity, remarks that "if quantity is the measure, Clausewitz was more of a historian than a theorist" (Peter Paret). In his historical vein, he is as good as the best of his epoch and an epitome of qualities, which would command the approval of even as strict a critic as G. R. Elton.

In the face of the historical evidence (thus Paret's summary), "theory had to be corrected". History was marked by constant variety, not subject to patterns—the march of progress, for instance, or man's search for God—which to Clausewitz were simply assumptions created by fashion, themselves always changing and, in his view, no lessons or rules to offer the student, it could only broaden his understanding and strengthen his judgment.

He counted himself fortunate in his marriage to an intelligent and loving wife (in his own words, "our happy marriage"), she wrote, "knew that we shared everything, not only joy and pain, but also every occupation, every concern of daily life" who put the drafts for his magnum opus together and published them soon after his relatively early death in 1831. He was not vain. He closed his preface with these noble words: "Perhaps a greater mind will soon appear to replace these individual nuggets with a single whole, coat of steel and metal, free from all dross." He knew himself pretty well (as a "my nature, which always drives me to develop and systematise") and he knew men.

When it is not a question of acting oneself but of persuading others in discussion, the need is for clear ideas and the ability to show their connection with each other. So few people have yet acquired the necessary skill at this that most discussions are a futile sounding of words; either they leave each man seeking to his own ideas or they end with every one agreeing, for the sake of agreement, on a compromise. Clearly, anything this man says may be worth attending to. But it is for one thing above all that he has for a century and more been thought—not least by these three eminent scholars—especially worth attending to; and that is for what he has to say about war. What is the world's best-known, serious question about war? Almost certainly Clausewitz's, to the effect that "war is not a mere act of policy but a true political instrument, a continuation of political activity by other means". Probably nothing more important has ever been said about war. In one form of words or another, it appears quite often in his great book; and, Paret persuades us, he would have made it even more unmistakable had he lived to achieve the rewriting and simplification of it which he had well in view by 1827. But that is only the tip of his iceberg. What does it really mean, and what is there in this contemporary of Napoleon for us contemporaries of MacArthur and Mao?

Whatever there may be in Clausewitz *On War* (the original really was that terse: *Vom Kriege*), the Anglo-American consortium responsible for this grand new edition of it has undoubtedly made it more accessible and intelligible than ever it has been before. But Clausewitz, though often misunderstood and misrepresented, has never been positively inaccessible in translation. He got into French in 1849, into English in 1873 and again (a better translation, but still of what Paret calls "the corrupt third German edition") in 1945. Military academics and academics have never had to go without him or some more-or-less misleading version of him. The revolutionary and Russian worlds were instructed to read him by Marx, Engels and Lenin; and he has received the same message, several times over, from Raymond Aron. More vulgar acclaim must have come with the Pelican Classics' 1968 abridgement of the poorer English translation and Rapoport's provocative introduction.

But already by then heavy scholarly armour had begun to move in, determined that if people were to go on quoting Clausewitz, at least they should have a wholly correct text to quote from, and that, if they were to go on arguing about him, it should be under the discipline of the best, most serious scholarship. The publication of this work marks the close of a long, hard campaign in which each of these three scholars has taken a leading share. Bernard Brodie, of the University of California, is the author of well-known works on strategy, war and politics which have imperatively called attention to Clausewitz; Peter Paret, of Stanford, has been publishing powerful articles about him for years, and last year a magisterial *Clausewitz and the State*; Michael Howard, of Oxford, king of war studies in this country, has been pressing Clausewitz upon his spreading circles of students and readers ever since his days in King's College, London. Not long ago he reviewed Paret's book in these columns (TLS, June 25, 1976) which see for a fuller appraisal of Clausewitz's intellectual quality. The present book has something of the air of a celebration by the Clausewitz fan club. With Aron's two times and Paret's one, Clausewitz studies booming in DLR and DLR alike, and no respite from them promised at home, the naughty question is bound to come into the mind: is Clausewitz being overdone?

No, is this reviewer's opinion; though if things go on like this, he soon may be. There can be no doubt that Clausewitz has been extraordinarily misrepresented and misused, most of all by the world-disturbing militarists of his own fatherland (see especially Howard on pages 29-36, and page 608n). It seems highly desirable that we should clearly recover the text as Clausewitz actually left it (Paret is the resident expert here). Clausewitz, although, as his friends rightly insist, usually quite straightforward to follow, and packed with wisdom and insight on a theme of undying significance, necessarily comes to us as a voice from the past, expressing itself in terms not necessarily perspicuous or recognizable to even the most attentive modern reader. That reader will be mighty grateful for the nicely coordinated introductory essays and commentary now provided.

Paret begins with twenty-two pages on the genesis of *On War*; an excellent digest of Clausewitz's developing thought and indispensable as clarification of certain important changes of mind to his last years which got into only a few lines of the text and which have thereby, it has to be confessed, caused some of the confusion in its interpretation. Howard's seventeen pages review Clausewitz's influence and reputation chiefly in Germany but also in France, Spain, Britain and the United States. Brodie's thirteen introductory pages emphasize the book's "continuing relevance" and make for it the high claim that, unlike other great "fountainhead" books (e.g. *The Wealth of Nations*), this one has spawned no successors: "not simply the greatest but the only truly great book on war".

After the 362 pages of Clausewitz's main text come seventy more by Brodie, which for many will form the most valuable part of the whole: "A Guide to the Reading of *On War*". Clausewitz must often, to us hurried moderns and (mostly) non-military men, seem over-elaborate and detailed. One has to skip. With Brodie as guide, one can skip safely. More than that, one is helped through that sticky opening chapter. There's no denying it: Book one, chapter one, alone of the whole lot, is difficult, even repulsive. Of just this chapter may be said, as Huck Finn said of another classic, that "its statements are interesting but tough". Instructed by what Paret says on pages 20-23 and Brodie on pages 47 and 642-6, we have no excuse for continuing confused about "absolute war" and the extent of Clausewitz's conviction that "war is merely the continuation of policy by other means"; but we may feel a bit more indulgent towards, say, the elder Moltke and Basil Liddell Hart (much in the worst misunderstanding of the two) who got a different impression.

Clausewitz, apparently, felt moved to begin as toughly as he did, partly in order not to seem unphilosophical, partly (this is his preoccupation in order to circumvent the systematizing theorist who had been the vogue during the Napoleonic Wars (remember Puel and Weyrother in *War and Peace*!)) who had led Prussia to its grand catastrophe, and whose disastrous principles, he feared, might still be influential. These rocky narrow once past, the rest of the work is plain enough sailing, and would have been even plainer if the editors had crowned their endeavours with an index; not so much for the benefit of historians eager to see what he says about Dant, or cavalry, or Jena, but more perhaps to help the contemporary-minded locate his wisdom on, e.g. "friction", "chance", escalation, "genius", and politics. Brodie's Guide, however, to some extent meets this need.

The title of Adam Roberts's book would be perfectly familiar to Clausewitz, who was profoundly struck with the revolutionary phenomenon of the "nation armed" (who would not much of this thought upon Clausewitz's studies booming in DLR and DLR alike, and no respite from them promised at home, the naughty question is bound to come into the mind: is Clausewitz being overdone?).

But what he is much more concerned with here is the involvement of the citizenry at large in the defence of his country by pre-planned partisan/guerrilla-style resistance throughout the length and breadth of the national territory alongside of "regular" forces or after they have yielded to force majeure.

Considering this matter in the present strategic context (about which he is excellently informed: LSE, after all, is only 10 minutes' stroll from the IIS), he invites us to examine closely the very different Swedish and Yugoslav territorial defence laws, plans, preparations etc. and to inquire, first whether they are sensible solutions to these countries' own peculiar defence problems and, second, whether other countries could do likewise with profit both to themselves and also, perhaps, to the prospects for peace in the world.

The long, detailed chapters about Sweden and Yugoslavia are sandwiched between chapters, surveying briskly the idea of territorial defence so far as it has figured in other countries' arrangements, and scrutinizing its likely advantages and disadvantages with minute care. His conclusion is that, while pretty much of anything as improbable as his walking on present earth, one can also conceive it possible that he would have thought Mr Roberts right.

MARCH 24

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Incantation to inertia

By Anita Brookner

PIERRE-LOUIS MATHIEU:
Gustave Moreau
Complete Edition of the Finished
Paintings, Watercolours and Draw-
ings
400pp. Oxford: Phaidon. £35.

It may be a mistake to build generalizations on the example of one man's work, particularly if that man is as isolated and as curious as Gustave Moreau, and, one might add, so inadequately known. This tendency, which developed within a few years of his death, impelled parisons of various causes to claim him, variously, as the last of the Romantics, the first of the Surrealists, the archetypal Symbolist or the precursor of Fauvism. His own highly personal idiom has both gained and lost from this endeavour which seems likely to continue until the end of time. Further glosses have been added to his work by a totally different band of brothers, men of letters who could not resist the compulsion to embellish his own descriptions of his works. Despite Moreau's protestations that he was not a literary painter, it seems that none of his contemporaries could contemplate his pictures without bursting into fevered descriptions of the mystery before their eyes, thus adding a further layer of impenetrability to the limp but en-crusted images which, they agree, profoundly allegorical.

Readers of Huysmans's *A Rebours* may in fact only know Moreau as the painter who best satisfied the immobile but delicious Des Esseintes, intent on inhibiting sensation without moving a muscle to procure it. Contemplation of "Salomo Desseintes" before Herod's sword re-ward is a substitute for post-mortem re-ward of "Immortelle Hysterie", although he performed his connoisseur's task (admittedly not too onerous in this case) by setting down a list of Moreau's sources. In 1886, two years after the publica-tion of *A Rebours*, Ary Renan pub-lished a couple of articles in the respectable *Gazette des Beaux-Arts* which are touched with the same immortal hysteria, for Moreau seems to have induced a mild in-flammation of the brain in those who try to claim him as their own. The present monograph by Pierre-Louis Mathieu is not free of either of these colonizing tendencies but it performs a valuable service; if it does nothing to demystify Moreau, it does at least make his recent quill and more restricted to a single idiom than his earlier epologues would have allowed.

His life, to which M. Mathieu de-votes too little space, is apparently devoid of mystery. After the death of a sister, Moreau remained the only child of devoted and well-to-do parents who gave him every en-couragement his mother in fact, accompanied him on his two-year study tour of Italy while his father stayed at home in the rue de La Rochefoucauld (now the Musée Gustave Moreau) passing judgment on the well-filled sketchbooks which came back regularly through the post.

After exceedingly brief appren-ticeships with the academic Picot and the romantic Chassériau, Moreau allowed his style to accumu-late from a variety of sources. He exhibited at most of the Salons from 1852 to 1880 and attracted particular attention at the Salon of 1855 with his picture "Le jeune homme et la mort", which he dedicated to the memory of Chas-sériau and which sets the tone for his later elaborations on this theme: a lone figure in a landscape, a man, a young man, in attitude of St Sebastian, is ushered out of this world by a female presence of markedly different substance and implications.

Moreau never married, choosing to remain with his mother, and when she became deaf he would com-municate with her by handing her notebooks inscribed with stenographic like "it has pained a moment". His mistress was killed round the corner in the rue Notre-Dame de Lorette. After the deaths of these two women he went into a decline from which he was rescued by an invitation to teach at the Ecole des Beaux-Arts. His pupils included Renoir, the first assurance of the museum which he left to the nation.

Cunzio, Marquet, Manguin, and Matisse.

To all intents and purposes it was an un-lived life, which recom-mended itself highly to other mas-ters of the un-lived life such as Huysmans, Laforgue and Proust. Yet it contains its own incongruities. As surprising as the total docility with which, in his early years as a painter, he made brilliant copies of the works of Delacroix, Carpaccio and Poussin, is the depth of his re-fusal to admit any common ground between himself and other masters. The access of his endowment is marked by moments of frustration: a friend told Edmond de Goncourt that she had witnessed Moreau screaming with rage at his mother when they were both on holiday at Honfleur, and one of his pupils reports his aversion on a visit for a full twenty minutes. By the same token he made private and acid notes on his friend Promen-tin's interpretation of Rembrandt in *Les Maitres d'autrefois*; while the Musée Gustave Moreau contains watercolours alarming in their formlessness and bloody outpourings. The mightiness of his effort to con-trol his world is reflected in the commentaries which Moreau wrote on his paintings. Perfidious, hullo-phant, these are the are de-signed to repel the intruder as much as to protect the image.

For as secret worlds go, Moreau's is fairly accessible, peopled as it is with the stock paraphernalia of mythology and theology, although characters as familiar as Hercules, Jason, Oedipus, Orpheus, Prometheus, and even Christ have undergone such a profound change that they all appear to be intimately related. The unifying factor is that sort of lymphatic trance which Moreau called "la belle inertie", a voluptuous quality; it was a wise substitute for post-mortem re-ward. Oedipus into a thoughtful immobility while the Sphinx claws at his chest; Prometheus dreams with the rapt attention of the self-absorbed while the eagle extracts his liver; Jason, about to clasp the daughters of Phœbus, remains motionless and uninvolved because, according to Moreau, he feels the immense sadness of the creator. These sleepwalkers, stylistically rooted in the outlines of Mantegna and Solimena and the morbidité of Lullin, are enveloped by their counterparts, in unlit procession of graceful female nudes, adolescents plastered with arcane jewelry which, according to another of his maxims, represents "la Richesse néces-saire". These ladies, who become progressively more fearful and more isolated, owe something to both Cranach and Crivelli.

The plot, in all cases, emerges from the attempt of the evil seduc-tive female to corrupt and debase the innocent dreaming male, and the execution, or at least the design of the composition, rarely stands up to the weight of malefic intention. Debauchery, it is understood, leads to death, and debauchery is always imposed by a woman, never under-taken voluntarily by a man. Occasion-ally, as in the late "Jupiter and Semele", the painter's state of mind seems to verge on insanity, possibly because the subject of the picture involves the revenge of the male figure. Semele died when she entreated Jupiter to appear to her as a god and was unable to bear the sight of his majesty. In Moreau's picture the gigantic deity, encrusted with jewels and bearing a pink lotus flower, is impervious to the small, nebulous woman sheltering from his heavily embossed knee; his eyes have a heavy, outlined light fixity which reminds one of certain Indian dance dramas. Accretions of decorative detail, like frozen gash, ad-here to every surface. It is a truly alarming manifestation.

In all these works a penumbra of genuine mystery is added by the artist's extraordinary hybrid architectural and atmospheric back-grounds which are extremely im-pressive. Indeed there is sufficient evidence in the form of early water-colours to suggest that had Moreau not succumbed to the over-the-top of the Romantic abyss—which sees the embattled artist besieged on all sides by the perverse and destructive

temptations of women with burning eyes and cold hearts—he would have been a first-class minor landscape painter. This, however, would have disappointed a great many people.

For Moreau was treasured above all not by painters but by men of letters. To them he was the one who gave appearance to their con-ceptions and a recognizable décor to their world, a world dominated by anxiety, mistrust, and premoni-tion. The lubricious reactions of his contemporaries to his images of sinless sinning reflect very faith-fully the delight that Flaubert took in detailing the attractions of Salammbô or the tempting of St Anthony, while the intrusion of Eastern mysteries into those pro-phetically pertaining to Greece or Judea is analogous to the eclectic and basically religious credo of Leconte de Lisle. This second mal-ade du siècle deserves a firmer dating and a less lyrical blanket coverage. Like sufferers from the earlier malady, this exhausted generation compensated most powerfully for the vitiating effects of reading Schopenhauer by a scrupulous artistic performance. This, charac-

teur's trap of animating the scene with sounds and scents; then, pulling himself together with an effort, announces that the final effect of Moreau's pictures is to make him want to paint the first slat off the street.

M. Mathieu has been working on Moreau for many years and his book is certainly the longest and also the most expensive ever to appear on the artist. It is interest-ing to find even a young contem-porary scholar falling prey to the temptation of description rather than analysis that has afflicted all previous writers on Moreau, and omitting essential data such as a full list of the volumes in Moreau's library. The magnificent plates do much to compensate for occasional dead passages in the text, and there is a catalogue raisonné which does duty for Moreau's own descrip-tions of his works. Much has been lost by the insistence on translating every word into English; and how much faith we are to place in a translation which states that Chus-sôria "discovered North Africa" or describes Moreau as "moving in fashionable circles"? To keep the temperature high, Moreau's extraordinary incantations must be retained, if only to contrast them with the large but curiously weight-less images that they accompanied. It is only in this way that one can decide whether there is more or less to Moreau than meets the eye.



Detail from "The Unicorn", an unfinished painting by Gustave Moreau which shows the influence of "The Lady with the Unicorn", a set of sixteenth-century tapestries which had been acquired by the State in 1882. One of the illustrations to Gustave Moreau reviewed here.

In Seville style

By Nigel Glendinning

JONATHAN BROWN:
Murillo and His Drawings
200pp and 182 plates. The Art
Museum, Princeton University.
£20.10.

No Spanish artist stirred the pas-sions of art-lovers and the pockets of collectors in the late eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries so much as Murillo. But Jonathan Brown's *Murillo and His Drawings* is the first book on his work since the 1920s. Over a hundred years before that, Marshal Soult's foun-dation for Murillo's work, added to his well-known "love for the fine arts and the eighth commandment" (to quote Richard Ford), led him to haul some of his finest canvases off Seville walls, and threaten to shoot "estimable persons" who tried to hang on to their Murillos. Another myth from the same period had the Iron Duke playing Jupiter and offering to cover a particularly large Murillo picture of "St Anthony of Padua in Ecstasy" with gold pieces to induce Danae, in the

shape of the Chapter of Seville Cathedral, to part with it. Inevitably Murillo's reputation has a fall after that, and it has not quite been put together again.

All the more reason then why Professor Brown's latest book, following on his recent work on Zurbarán and penetrating articles on other aspects of Spanish art, warrants a warm welcome. It is a substantial work of preparation to enjoy while waiting for the *entree* on the paintings themselves that a Spanish art-historian has been cooking on a slow burner for a good many years. There is much that is central to Murillo's art in this book. Pro-fessor Brown follows the develop-ment of the artist's style and places his technique as a draughtsman in the context of Sevillian practice. The relationship of drawings to paint-ings, and problems of dating, pre-venience and authenticity, are suc-cinctly discussed in a catalogue of twenty-seven drawings, a checklist of ninety-seven rejected attributions and a preliminary checklist of oil sketches. A much clearer picture of Murillo's art—his freedom and his restraints—emerges. The repro-ductions, excellent in quality, help to remind us that Murillo was not merely a man of skillful decorative

arrangements, pleasing and some-times marvellously nifty lighting effects, and eccentric or pretty faces; but also, on occasion, an artist who knew how to convey deprivation. The book itself pleases; it is one of the handiest publications to come my way for some time, with first-rate paper and high-quality design.

Some of the drawings in Pro-fessor Brown's book were admired by nineteenth-century connoisseurs almost as much as Murillo's paint-ings. The young Disraeli is a case in point that Professor Brown for-goes. He looked at a number where they were in Julian Williams' col-lection in 1830, on a warm July evening in a Seville patio, while his host's sister-in-law, Dolores, played a bolero on a guitar in the background. What northerner would not warm to Murillo in that envi-ronment? Disraeli melted on the spot. He wrote to his friend Austen to tell him to run to the Andalusian capital "and for the first time in your life know what a great artist is." Murillo, for Disraeli, "was the more original of artists, who never failed." The reassessment, outside the confines of the learned journals, is overdue, and Professor Brown's book is an important start.

In camera

By Francis Haskell

Courtauld Institute Illustration
Archives
Archive 1
Cathedrals and Monastic Buildings
in the British Isles
Part 1: Lincoln, Romanesque West
Front. 155 plates.
Edited by George Zarnecki and
Peter Kidson

Archive 2
Fifteenth and Sixteenth-Century
Sculpture in Italy
Part 1: Rome. 148 plates.
Edited by Constance Hill

Archive 3
Medieval Architecture and Sculpture
in Europe
Part 1: Poland. 171 plates.
Edited by Amanda Tomlinson

Archive 4
Late Eighteenth and Nineteenth-Century
Sculpture in the British Isles
Part 1: London. 151 plates.
Edited by Benedict Read and Philip
Ward-Jackson

The Courtauld Institute in London has the largest collection in Europe, and probably in the world, of photo-graphs of paintings, sculpture and architecture, and has always been extremely generous in allowing scholars to consult it. Under the general editorship of its director, Peter Lasko, it has now undertaken to make a significant proportion of this collection much more generally available in the form of quarterly publications. For reasons of copy-right the plates are confined to photographs taken by the Institute itself of works of sculpture and architecture in public ownership—such as by the Courtauld, the first four titles in the series, the editor and publishers have adopted the excellent policy of concentrating on objects which have rarely, if ever, been reproduced elsewhere.

In the abstract

By Ellis Waterhouse

MICHAEL RINGHART (Editor):
RILA
(Répertoire International de la
Littérature de l'Art)
Volume 1, Part 1: Abstracts. 329pp
Volume 1, Part 2: Index. 148pp
RILA/Williamstown, Massachu-setts. Sterling and Francine Clark
Art Institute. Institutions, \$45, in-dividuals, \$25, students and mem-bers, \$20.

This double issue from RILA, cov-ering publications principally of 1974 and the first half of 1975, follows the demonstration issue of 1973, which met with sufficient res-pose to persuade the supporting institutions to proceed with it. The acronym and the first subtitle are the only things French about it, and it will be of very great use to English-reading librarians and graduate students, and there will be few professional specialists who will "scan" it (RILA's own word) without profit—notably for its Russian and Polish abstracts. The selection of books and articles to be abstracted has been chosen with intelligence, and the abstracts themselves have in many instances been written by the authors them-selves—a simple idea which is often (but not always) satisfactory.

At present the coverage is some-what limited, since no Balkan coun-tries, other than Romania, are re-presented, and other countries too are missing. Since the Italian con-tributions derive largely from Milan, the literature and periodi-cals (e.g. *Napoli Nobilissima*) of South Italy are also missing. The specialist will not yet find included books published in Helsinki or Gal-atina which had escaped his notice; but there are abstracts of a number of dissertations, of articles from *Le Monde*, from the *Bulletins* of all the American museums, and from a number of yearbooks which are only to be found in the grandest libraries. There is even at least one abstract from most elusive of all types of art-historical literature,

The photographs are available in bound paperback volumes, and also as separate loose-leaf plates, printed on one side only, which can be incorporated into photo-graphic libraries. The quality of re-production varies somewhat but is for the most part good, and cer-tainly adequate for making slides.

The scheme—or such of it as has yet appeared—can be welcomed un-reservedly, but much will depend on what selection is to be made of the material available, and no de-tails have been given of future issues. Archive 4, Part 1, for in-stance, illustrates a fairly coherent group of Victorian monuments in and around Hyde Park and will thus valuably supplement the recent and admirable volume of the Sur-vey of London devoted to this area. We are given the fullest photo-graphic coverage that has yet ap-peared of the Albert Memorial with a considerable number of often imagi-natively chosen details to enable us to make a very fair estimate of the qualities of Foley, Armstrong, Philip and the others employed on this great enterprise. This will be of considerable—even essential—use to anyone studying the style of these sculptures (and, presumably, other works by them) which will turn up in later volumes, but it is only fair to prospective purchasers to point out that, despite a brief in-troduction, a couple of charts and minimal captions, the volume cannot, and is not intended to, provide much information about the monuments which it illustrates.

There is, for instance, no means of finding out who are the painters or musicians represented on the podium, unless they have been specifically chosen for reproduc-tion; there are no dates, no indica-tions of the whereabouts of pre-liminary drawings, and so on. These volumes contain the raw material, and only the raw material, necessary for art-historical study and teach-ing; but if the series enjoys the success it deserves (and if it is used with intelligence and imagination, rather than slavishly) it will help to transform a situation that has become desperately bleak, and as the years go by its extreme useful-ness will become ever more ap-parent.

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By John Shearman

CECIL GOULD:

The Paintings of Correggio

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Most people of sound taste agree that Correggio is an undervalued artist. The historiographical case is a curious one, however, and it is not immediately clear what his admirers have to complain about. They can always start with the weather, of course. Two wet days running in Parma can be very dispiriting indeed, and a misfortune of this kind—fully documented—has been explained as the cause of the artist's inactivity in 1529. In Parma, Vasari seems to have seen very little, and that indistinctly, but he was liberal with his superlatives when he met one of Correggio's paintings elsewhere; he is difficult to read in assembling information rather than in appreciating, after his own fashion, what he could see. Nevertheless this non-Vita has been a helpful irritant, a sense of grievance being a powerful stimulus to scholarship. Outraged local patriotism brought out one of the great strengths of the Italian tradition, that dedication and skill of the local, often amateur historian without which, in Correggio's case, we should now know practically nothing about him. So, by the end of the eighteenth century the position was unusually satisfactory. The wild enthusiasm of Padre Resta, the good eye of Mengs, the energy of Affé and the scepticism of "Giovanni" were perfectly complementary, and if one looks up a synoptic work such as J. D. Fiorillo's *Geschichte der zeichnenden Künste* (1798) one finds Correggio in many respects a more thoroughly studied artist than Raphael. The great contributions of Pungileoni, Ronchini and others were still to follow.

But the young Emerson found Correggio's greatest work life-diminishing. What had gone wrong? Emerson clearly felt that it was not only Correggio's facile values that were defective, but his moral fibres too. And it is he that part of the trouble lies in this nineteenth-century confusion of moral and aesthetic judgments: a confusion (in my view) in so far as it is proper to have absolute values in the first but not in the second. Emerson was not alone. Mary Logan, before she married him, wrote of "the unhealthy straining after emotional effects" in Baroque artists and Correggio; and Corrado Ricci, in a massive and remarkable monograph of 1896, thought that in such late works as the "Assunta" Correggio went too far. Eighty years later Cecil Gould, in his beautiful new book, thinks no too; to that extent I think he is still the prisoner of old inhibitions. The forebodings which troubled Vasari a *stupendissima* *correggia* are for Mr Gould a blatant, sometimes salacious excess. If this cycle of opinion proves anything it is that excess, like beauty, is in the eye of the beholder. But no matter: with the arrival of this book we have a good deal less to complain about in the state of the bibliography. I have some severe things to say about some aspects of it and I want to make it clear now that as a whole it is, in my opinion, a contribution to be grateful for.

The *Paintings of Correggio* is primarily an exercise in connoisseurship. Its most substantial parts are a text of fifteen chapters (some long-winded) and a very thorough catalogue, and the first and sufficient justification for this convention is that it works. The text, with the exception of the first biographical chapter and the last two given over to the fortune of Correggio, is principally a discussion of chronology and influences and no doubt it will be much abused because it is so. But it seems to me fair to say that, upon two points, it may be felt, and it may be true, that the approach is now old-fashioned, but now we ask ourselves different and more interesting questions, and so on. But if we are to respond positively to Sir Hans Gombrich's "Plea for Pluralism" we should assert the importance of maintaining the tradition of connoisseurship, and this is a skill which must be kept alive and passed on.

It does not flourish in our museums. Mr Gould says in the introduction to his catalogue that there he trades only in fact, which is almost entirely true; he transfers discussion and opinion on chronology and the forces which shaped Correggio's art to the text. This is not a division everyone has to make, but once made it requires that text and catalogue be complementary in a very particular way. So long, then, as connoisseurship is the main goal, the emphasis upon chronological problems at least, is logical. If one is to leave behind the nonsensical view that there can be a "characteristic" Correggio then to establish what the artist actually did lays upon the scholar a daunting task. This is not enough to say "this is Correggio" for the other half of the proper statement will attempt to define where, within a unique artistic odyssey, the work belongs. Chronology is not a boring ritual but a tough discipline, a compelling duty for all but the half-serious.

If these judgments are correct they must nevertheless be qualified. First, the text is not, in fact, exclusively concerned with chronology and source-hunting; and when it is not, Mr Gould can be interesting and controversial, engaging one's attention so effectively that one wishes he would do it more often. Second, however, I must record my repeated disappointment, my frequent astonishment, that one important and beautiful picture after another has passed by with nothing else but its chronology or a source examined. The author's preoccupations do rather often illustrate what is wrong with "pure art-history", that is, history written as if nothing save artistic experiences impinged from outside upon the artist's own development. "Development" is nothing so earthy as people or money, nothing so general as a social or intellectual milieu, nothing so practical as position or an architectural context, nothing so inhibiting as the meaning intrinsic to a form.

To return to the first of those qualifications: I have the impression that the text does generally become more interesting in its later pages, but scattered throughout there are observations to make one think. New to me, unless I am forgetting something, is the remark that in the "Assunta" the Virgin reclines from the brilliance of the light. This is exactly the way in which Correggio's paintings should be read, by asking what precisely is the fictive texture because they are so rich in described actions, physical and emotional, of this kind. There is, for example, the marvelous observation of Toscani (1960) and Coperchini (1964) that the dialogue between Saints John and Augustine in a pendant of San Giovanni concerns the Trinity—correct beyond doubt because Correggio is so explicit in gesture. Choosing again from Cecil Gould's contributions I welcome the idea that the artist's self-portrait is to be found in the Saint Anthony of the *Madonnae* in San Francisco, 1514-15; this is by far the best suggestion yet made.

Much less persuasive is the way he would read the artist's character; he diagnoses agoraphobia from the closed backgrounds of a number of early pictures and pronounces him cured (by the success of the frescoes in San Giovanni) when the backgrounds open out in the 1520s. This is perhaps as nice an example of the florid cultural fallacy as you can find these days ("by their fruits ye shall know them"), and when the limitless landscapes, with their green middle distance and misty blue horizon of the *Prado* "Noli me tangere" is described, so that it shall conform to the theory, as "totally desolate, airless and enclosed", I do not believe a word of it.

Some more credible speculation about Correggio's personality might nevertheless begin with his fruits. What kind of man, early in the sixteenth century, called his first-born Pomponio when the family name, latinized, was Laetus? I miss in Mr Gould's book a discussion of an issue central to the understanding of Correggio's art, that is his specific cultural level. This issue can be pursued a little beyond speculation. Unless Quirino Bigliani's work is much neglected, the



"The Vision of St John" by Correggio in the cupola of S Giovanni Evangelista, Parma.

second dated reference to Correggio in the text is, I think, by Mr Gould's writing of his name, perhaps as owner, with the date June 2, 1513, in a copy of Francesco Berlinghieri's *Geographia*—quite a possession—which had belonged to Giovanni Battista Lombardi, the latter had bought it from a doctor and was, after returning to the town of Correggio in 1496, adviser to Conte Niccolò da Correggio, and later to the Corrie there; as an old man he was Donato's godfather, and one asks why. The pages of the 775 seem the proper place for an appeal that the codes known to him might be produced.

Another positive point to be made about this book is the author's concern with the very wide range in scale of the paintings he describes, and his scrupulous observance of its implications, even to the systematic presentation of them in reproduction in a pendant of San Giovanni. This is very effective. It is startling, for example, to see the "pair" of allegories in the Louvre and the National Gallery reproduced side-by-side in the right relative scale—so startling that one may wonder, granting that the one in London is cut, that it can be cut so much that they were once true pendants.

Then again there comes out of Mr Gould's concentration on chronology and sources a welcome change of mind on the contentious subject of the journey to Rome: picking up a suggestion first made by Sydney Freedberg he makes a case for a journey about 1514, a good deal earlier than the date commonly debated. It seems a good idea, with these qualifications: that so the case can be made for him visiting Florence at about the same date (and perhaps the Marche to see Melozzo and Loto), and that it is not in fact true that Correggio knew nothing Roman later than 1514 (for example his Saint Hilary in the Duomo betrays his knowledge of the position, alone Christ seems to hover realistically, upright; from here one can see the real sense in which Correggio was inspired by the rotational design of the upper part of Raphael's "Transfiguration", and from here one looks at the theophany from almost the same angle as does Saint John the prophet of Revelation on the concealed vertical surface of the dome. This last point is mentioned in passing in Mr Gould's description. But while looking at it from this angle consider two further statements by the Dex Bono Chapel.

figure-grouping accentuates the east-west axis—whereas it seems to me that Correggio, by not aligning the diametric stress with the church's axis, set in motion that rotation and counter-rotation, so perfectly summarized in the ambivalence of Christ's movement, which takes command of the spectator's eye and eventually of his body so that he is led round in seeing Saint John. Then again I am puzzled by the statement that Correggio was denied the "advantage" of a structural lantern, for is not the very absence of a lantern which facilitates Correggio's invention and is at the same time architecturally so odd (the dome has a lantern externally)? The notoriously feeble natural illumination in the dome is the result of its being much lower than it seems from outside, the four windows in its drum being sunk below the points where the roofs over the four arms of the church meet. I am much taken with a suggestion made by Shalom Quintavalle, in an article in 1962 which seems to have escaped the bibliographical net, that Correggio eliminated a lantern intended by the architects.

Cecil Gould is far from happy with the direction, as he sees it, of Correggio's later religious art; he is amply entitled to his opinion but I think Correggio should be defended. This is not the place to do it, but to suggest how it might be done. The charge is of heartlessness, frivolity, excessive virtuosity and abstraction, and it should be noted that these complaints scarcely apply to any painting made to be seen from close range, the smaller pictures in the museum. One might begin with the assumption that Correggio's judgment was better than ours, and that he learnt from experience; and considering viewing problems of distance and darkness one might look in one direction to the calculated rhetoric of rhetorical principles of clarification—in Titian's work of the late 1520s (the "Saint Peter Martyr") and in another to the contemporaneous tendencies of Pontormo towards self-dramatization of form and clever more brilliant colour. Above all we should resist exaggeration; I do not accept that in the "Madonna of Saint George" the figures are "idealized and generalized to the point of abstraction", nor do I see the "incredible clarity" of the angels in the corner-groups of the Duomo—in particular I deny that they wave at each other. To take Correggio more seriously is to see, in this instance, that the elation of these angels is in the strictest decorum; they are depicted with the four patron saints of the City, and with us if we will only join them, in the celebration of the Assumption represented in the dome. Mrs Jameson remarked so sensitively of the latter that "one glow of heavenlyapture is diffused over all"—but then Mrs Jameson knew the *Golden Legend* by heart. Read there what Bishop Gerard and Saint Jerome have to say about the joy, the music and the light in heaven when the Virgin arrived and you will know what the angels are doing.

But we must return to Mr Gould's book and consider its principal preoccupations. What of the chronology he constructs? I suspect that the sequence he suggests for the early lost works will cause some trouble, and he has not persuaded me that there should be strictly speaking thirty-three corrections. The high example is not untypical. The high

The second substantial error—if I am right—lies in the reconstruction of the sequence of frescoes in San Giovanni. Mr Gould proposes that the "Coronation" in the apse preceded the dome; such a radical reversal of common opinion would be welcome if it were acceptable, but this one won't do. I find the arguments based upon appearances baffling so I leave them aside, with the observation that pure art-history has its perils: that the work, the canopy of Paradise, need not be an index of stylistic development—chase to Mantegna—if it carries meaning. What is demonstrable, I think, is that the documents have been misinterpreted. The first existing payment to Correggio describes him as the painter of the *cuba del coro*, and Mr Gould wants this to mean the apse; he devotes an appendix to the demonstration that *cuba* means the eastern arm of a church, and of course he has no difficulty in finding supporting texts; indeed he has no need to go to Serlio, or to Venice, for that part of the Duomo of Parma is so described. But a *cuba*, architecturally speaking, is wherever the choir is located, so that the question is not general but specific. At the beginning of his appendix Mr Gould brushes aside Pungileoni's remark that in San Giovanni it was under the dome, the whole of Pungileoni's passage, however, suggests that he knew what he was talking about, and he did. On November 25, 1512, the Abbot Tofilio commissioned Marcantonio Zucchi to complete "about sixty seats or more as can be accommodated sotto la *cuba* di detta chiesa"; the rich wood-carving and intarsie were still in progress at Zucchi's death in 1531 and some are now repositioned in the extended east end of the choir (string of documents (unpublished, perhaps), running from July, 1524, to October, 1527, records payments to Zucchi, and to Giovanni Francesco d'Agate who made in marble the door of the *cuba*, the cornice of the enclosing wall, and the steps of the high altar.

There was, then—and surely this is no surprise—an enclosed choir, under the main dome, which is straightforwardly the *cuba del coro* on which Correggio began (it is the necessity of accommodating so many seats beneath the dome which best explains its odd extension into an oval). The proof of this sequence lies in the account-book of San Giovanni where Correggio's credit-page comes, in order, the *cuba*, the eastern arm of the choir, the place of the crossing and finally the nave-frieze; Mr Gould feels free to rearrange this order, but in my experience this kind of book will always list credits in the sequence in which they are earned. By the way, Correggio was paid for decorating the altar side of the new choir-wall in October, 1525. This payment has wrongly been connected with the eastern cross-vault, and Mr Gould does not know what to do with it. The thing is Pungileoni's misreading of the entry in the *Egerton giornale*, but the version Pungileoni published is so different, and described in such a way, that it seems clear to me that he knew another record of the same payment.

The postponement of the painting of the dome of San Giovanni from its proper date of 1520-21 to about 1523 is largely responsible, perhaps, for the "bunching" of the progress described in Correggio's art. It is not the elapsing of time, the appropriate corrections. The more serious consequence of the jumbled order is that the "Coronation" apse is thought an immature work, and does not receive recognition as a masterpiece of Correggio's thinking about the painting of heavenly illusions between his work on the two domes. The tragedy of its destruction is real indeed, but from the main surviving fragment there is to be gleaned at least one remarkable example of Correggio's imaginative powers: Christ crowns the Virgin not with something tangible but with a ring of flashing light, with twelve stars in fact, so that by this identification of her as the Woman of the Apocalypse the "Coronation" too is made part of the vision of Saint John.

The discussion of chronology in this book is, as I have said, interesting and the occasional disagreement is inevitable; in this very difficult case. But I am afraid I learnt nothing from the source-hunting, the other major preoccupation of the text. The falling is not inherent in the exercise, which, as Popham and Wilde showed, can be most productive, but it is the consequence of too low standards of similarity. And to get finally to what is excellent in this book I will pass over as quickly

as possible something else that is disappointing, the documentary register. In such a section we have a right to expect accuracy, and completeness with respect to known material, but here we find neither. Curiously, the most significant omission, so far as I know, is the second half of a document of which Mr Gould summarizes the less interesting first part: the Steccata record of August 26, 1525, which concludes with the committee's decision to request drawings from Correggio (and others) for the seating of the cult-image over the High Altar, which is the best documentary basis for considering this artist as the designer of his own frames. New transcriptions are given of a high proportion of the documents, and a sufficient number may be checked against originals in London, or photographs, for their unsatisfactory quality to be established. Of one recently discovered document of 1514 there now exist five different published versions, of which the first, by Menegazzo, was highly professional, possibly immaculate. To Mr Gould's seven half-lines of print which he does not attempt to summarize, thirty-three corrections, the high example is not untypical. The high

failure-rate is due in part to faulty reading, in part to the application of misguided principles in dealing with contractions. One must conclude that the editing of texts is simply not part of the author's equipment. In the nave-frieze of San Giovanni there are thirty-six distinct inscriptions of which seven or eight are correctly printed—correctly, that is, by the standards the author himself has demanded of the printer. I am at a loss to account for this aspect of the book, because Cecil Gould is not a careless scholar; on the contrary, I found his references unfailingly accurate. And the pity of it is that he has shown by some important changes to printed versions that the job of re-transcribing the documents needed to be done, while at the same time making it necessary that it be done again.

Now, what is excellent in the catalogue. There is scope for more debate on the ideal composition of catalogue entries, but no reason for regretting that Mr Gould's ideal is in some respects rather spare; with him there have been restrictionist phases, quite wrongly described as over-critical, and now per-

greatest possible number of bibliographical references. He aims to select what is essential evidence, and the result is agreeable reading. However, within these spare limits he has put together a quite remarkably comprehensive account of each work, frequently changing received opinion. The lucidity and the detail with which he reconstructs the complicated history of the four "Amor di Giove", for example, is most impressive, and it should be noted that he asks new questions in such a case as well as giving new answers to old ones. There can scarcely be a museum which holds any major work by Correggio which will not now have to change and supplement its catalogue. Mr Gould gets these results because nothing is too much trouble, no detail beneath notice, and because he has not been in a hurry.

The excellence of the catalogue is, however, as much conditioned by the author's connoisseurship. Mr Gould could be described, I think, as a moderate, which means a little more than that in general I agree with him; there have been restrictionist phases, quite wrongly described as over-critical, and now per-

missiveness is all the rage. The tap which Roberto Longhi turned on in 1958 is still running. Cecil Gould will have nothing to do with these dreadfully inferior "new pictures", yet he is not quite conventional. It is good to see the beautiful "Head of Christ" (Frieze Place restored to autograph status. Most people interested in the problem will want to add or subtract one or two pictures, for finally in these matters is unattainable, but I suspect most will also agree that this selection is about right. A debatable inclusion, for example, is the "Holy Family" in Los Angeles; neither Mr Gould nor I have seen this picture, but David Brown-Jones, in the Kress Collection at Washington, Mantegnaque but not an early work, and another is the lost "Madonna" copied by Peter Oliver which, by the way, was in the Duke of Buckingham's collection; if as I believe, this was an authentic Correggio of about 1520 it would be a significant addition,

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Apollo and Daphne, by James Jefferys. 1779. (Collection Mr and Mrs Paul Mellon.)



Detail from St Paul, by Matthias Stomer.



Detail from Girl at a Window, by William Coldstream.



Study in Upper Norwood, by Camille Pissarro. (Ashmolean Museum, Oxford.)

The April issue celebrates Benedict Nicolson's thirtieth year as Editor of THE BURLINGTON MAGAZINE. The editorial is a tribute from the Directors and all articles are on subjects on which Benedict Nicolson has at some time written. They include the following:

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Mr Nicolson contributes a long article on Matthias Stomer (c. 1600-50) who worked in Rome, Naples and Sicily in the Caravaggesque manner.

Palma Vecchio's 'Assumption of the Virgin'
Philip Rylands examines the early work of Palma Vecchio, and argues that the artist was closer in his earlier years to Tullio Lombardo than to Giorgione.

Camille Pissarro in London
Martin Reid establishes the precise location in Upper Norwood of the landscapes in three paintings of 1870-71 on the evidence of old maps, photographs and records.

Sir William Coldstream: An Interview
This interview with David Sylvester was broadcast by the BBC last autumn and is published in full, with an introduction by Benedict Nicolson.

There are also shorter articles on A new drawing by Salvator Rosa by Dwight Miller, A Note on the Beit Vermeer by Andrew O'Connor, New Paintings by Sebastiano Ricci by Eric Young, Two self-portraits by James Jefferys by John Sunderland, James Jefferys and the 'Master of the Giants' by Nancy Pressley, and An unknown landscape by Wright of Derby by David Solkin.

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In this study Professor Arthos examines certain of Shakespeare's plays in which dreams and the visionary are important, taking as his starting point the metaphysical content of *The Phoenix and the Turtle*. (Hogarth & Hogarth) £5.00

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BODLEY HEAD

TLS Commentary

Word and image

We asked a number of contemporary artists to nominate the book, or books, on art which have made the strongest impression on them. We print their replies below.

Eduardo Paolozzi

Metamorphoses in *Nineteenth-Century Sculpture*, edited by Jeanne L. Wasserman (Fogg Art Museum/Harvard University Press, 1975). A book of great importance, covering the works of Jean-Antoine Houdon, Antoine-Louis Barye, Jean-Baptiste Carpeaux, Auguste Rodin, Augustus Saint-Gaudens, and Daniel Chester French. A book of many revelations and proving that technical research justifies a necessary background in the study of sculpture.

Despite the excellent works on Rodin by Albert E. Elsen, the chapter on Rodin in this book contains fresh insights on the working methods of the great master. Beautifully documented with sets of photographs that set the mind alight.

For any young sculptor who has had to try to survive through the past decade of polytechnical modernism this book will be, as it is to me, a life saver.

To some it might be considered expensive, but not really—every page is pure gold.

R. B. Kitaj

Here are only a few of my most loved books. I look through them almost every day. They lie on the floor near where I paint.

Degas—the great Lemoine four-volume catalogue.

Degas, *The Monotypes*—Fogg Art Museum.

The Notebooks of Edgar Degas by Rolf (just published by Oxford)—WOW!

The Drawings of Paul Cézanne (Catalogue Raisonné) by Chappuis.

Cézanne's Portrait Drawings by Wayne Anderson.

L'Œuvre Gravé de Matisse by Guérin Goya, *Engravings and Lithographs* (Catalogue Raisonné) by Tomás Harris.

Picasso—the Girton book on what has come to be called the Suburban Donation at Barcelona: the best compilation until a complete oeuvre catalogue is published.

John Piper

Vallardi's *Life of Cézanne*, because it showed me, in my teens, that an artist can be dedicated, unbohemian, unworried, against the tide and absolutely true to his instincts, which happened to be right. The book—by a dealer, too!

—has the same characteristics.

Tom Phillips

Which book on art? It is difficult for me to separate this from the question, "A book on which artist?" since the pictures in a book are likely to have a greater effect on me than the text, except where the text itself is the artist's work as in those two constantly read companions, the *Letters of Van Gogh* and the *Journal of Delacroix*.

The book that I paid most library fines on as a schoolboy (a test) was the large-format Phaidon book on Leonardo da Vinci (a curiously taken-for-granted and underrated artist). Going further back I think that I cherished most (when I was about 12 or 13) the books in the Penguin Modern Painters series, especially those on Paul Nash and Henry Moore: these I could afford to own and they are still on my shelves. I was also excited by the occasional bunch of "boxset" pictures that appeared in Penguin. Writers which seemed like news from the battlefronts of art. Of course, there are some indispensable biographies where the artist emerges clearly and we learn something real about him—Leffle, on Van Gogh, Clive Bell on Blake, Reuben on Cézanne, Barlow on Matisse, etc. but I would again turn happily for a badly written work that guaranteed the reproductions of "all the works" of any

particular figure: these latter, which often show the failures, give one courage to go on and to make the necessary grand mistakes. How reassuring it is to find via the excellent publications of the Ingres Museum at Montauban that even a disaster like his portrait of Cherubini needed a large body of painstaking research. At Oxford I listened spellbound to Professor Wind's expositions of Raphael and Michelangelo and I hugely enjoy all those intricate examinations of iconography: they are like taking apart a watch and showing the elegance of its movement, but leaving out the all-important fact—whether it really tells the time. I think of such books as engrossing diversions showing me what the artist worked out but not what he thought.

My most recent interest has been the art of Africa but I can find little to read of quality apart from Marcel Griaule's absorbing *Les Masques Togo* and some iconologically learned comments by William Fagg in *African Tribal Images* etc. Again it is a good group of photographs that moves me most (as in Leuzinger's *Art of Black Africa*).

I have no single desert island book on art. Just as a musician would rather take a sheaf of scores than however large a pile of Spitta and Einstein so I would like a compilation of reproductions of all the works that excite me from the art of the prehistoric caves to the latest works of R. B. Kitaj.

I still dream of a book, however, in which I could read of the exact problems and choices faced by a great artist of the past and in idle moments I imagine the discovery of "the complete journals of Velázquez." In which I would read how he often was "stuck" and stared blankly at the canvas as he sat as I am doing this morning.

Bridget Riley

The Thinking Eye by Paul Klee.

Robert Motherwell

Delacroix's Journal.

Richard Hamilton

There is only one runner in the field as far as I am concerned, Duchamp's notes for "La machine à nu par ses câbles, mécano." Since that isn't exactly a book, and because my knowledge of French cannot give me perfect contact with the original form, I nominate *Self-Selected* edited by Michel Sanouillet, published in Great Britain by Thames and Hudson. This has a bonus; it contains all the words put together by Marcel Duchamp that were known at the time of publication.

Duchamp's is the great written art about art (unlike the written garbage by writers on art) and I have found it profoundly moving and continuously absorbing for twenty years.

Frank Auerbach

Van Gogh's *Letters* are the most complete record and justification of a life in art. They are explicit; they detail suffering, endured and transcended.

Van Gogh's paintings, however, are independent, tough and classical; they do not solicit our interest—they attract it by self-reliance.

Patrick Heron

No book on art has influenced my painting in the slightest degree; for one thing, I have never read the text of any art book, consistently from beginning to end—though occasionally I dipped into what was written in art books (as they now tend to be called); and the only

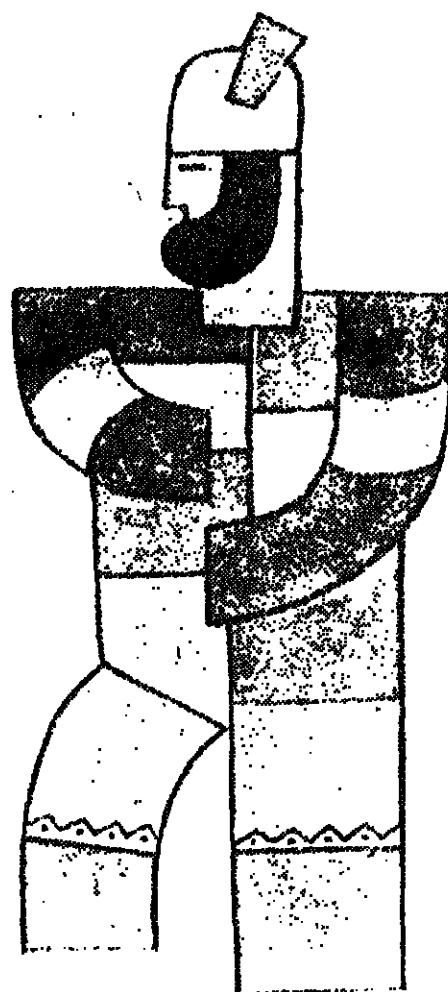
writing explored in this haphazard way that did affect me were parts of an essay on Cézanne by Roger Fry which I read as a schoolboy. I've never re-read Fry; but I felt at the time that his was the only criticism in which the works did actually evoke the physical reality of the painted canvas.

Absolutely the only influence on one's painting, of course, is other paintings. The only things in books which influenced me were the reproductions—however bad. As a schoolboy, the pre-war Phaidon Cézanne and Van Gogh. Early in the war, in 1941, I bought an extraordinary little paperback on Matisse, printed in Russia (*Henri Matisse* by Alexander Roman; Isopis, Moscow, 1937). The text (which I never read) was translated into English by a Chinese, and had half-a-dozen incredibly inaccurate little colour-plates and some enormously blurred black-and-white line blocks of the fabulously economical line drawings; this kept me going for two years at least.

But by far the most "influential" books, as far as I'm concerned, were two slim hardbacks, the first of which, on Matisse, arrived in England in 1940 (*Matisse* by Jean Cassou; Les Éditions Braun, Paris, and The Soho Gallery, London, 1939). The second, which I got hold of early in 1946, was on Braque (*Braque* by Stanislaus Fumet; Les Éditions Braun, Paris, 1945). Both had twenty-four full-page colourplates and short texts from the French, which I felt no need to bother with. These two books, because of their plates, were like two lifesaving, portable exhibitions. For me those colourplates were the equivalent of visits to Paris—which in fact I never made until 1947. I'm just trying to emphasize the reproduction of paintings are infinitely more important to a painter than anything that has ever been written. In England at this moment there is such a famine, such a drastic dearth of reproductions of paintings currently being made in this country, that one is really very much reminded of that other famine of visual information which we suffered during the war.

Allen Jones

The most influential art book for me has been in the secondary field of teaching. *The Pedagogical Sketchbook* of Paul Klee provided an eloquent example of a fine artist, as fine teacher. Bauhaus ideas were central to the



"Galith", a study by Léger for the ballet *David Triumphant*, produced in Paris in December 1936; it is included in *Christie's sale of Impressionist and Modern works on Tuesday, March 29*.

A master from Armenia

Nothing in Arshile Gorky's life or art was learnt the easy way. Born in Armenia in 1904, a remembered Eden that fills his later painting, he was in his teens at the time of the Turkish expatriation massacres. With his mother and sister he walked more than a hundred miles to comparative safety. Thousands died around him, butchered mostly, though cholera took some. His mother died of starvation. He trudged on, harried, with his sister Vartosh (she was twelve) to Tiflis. Six months later, in 1920, they managed to get on a boat to America, where Gorky applied himself to becoming an artist.

The first works in the incomplete but singular exhibition at the Serpentine Gallery (until April 11) are familiar portraits. One is an oil of his lost sister Vartosh, the other a drawing of his mother. Vartosh is treated not quite hesitatingly and not quite studiously, after the manner of Fauvist portraiture. The mother is drawn à la Ingres. She has huge Armenian eyes, and is beautiful. The sheet relates to two paintings (not at the Serpentine and not mentioned in the inadequate catalogue) entitled "The Artist and his Mother", made after an old photograph he always kept by him. They were pictures that occupied him for the better part of a decade, the long years in which, with great honesty and perseverance, he worked his way through Impressionism, Cézanne, and Synthetic Cubism. Those pictures must be behind a drawing by Gorky's friend in the years of the Depression, Willem de Kooning's "Portrait of the Artist with Imaginary Brother", which in a special way was nice of him, while a more competitive fraternity appears in a painting of Gorky's at the Serpentine which repays the compliment. "Portrait of Master Bill" is of de Kooning himself and appears to be an understanding corrective of the Duchampian figure pieces of that time.

It is a unique (probably) painting in Gorky's art before the 1940s, for he usually asserted himself by emulation. "Master Bill's" thin, light paint looks forward to the quality of touch in the last paintings but in the 1930s Gorky's application was generally thick, unalloyed, and packed enclosures, filling in a previously determined outline of biomorphic shapes, the brush occasionally more expressive than the palette. Without the example of Picasso's "Studios" and still lifes of a few years before. But they are not simply derivative. Their Picas-

sianism fades on acquaintance, comes to feel like the cover for a slightly quirky, very intelligent artist who knew how to be patient with his masters.

Gorky had more sense of how to bide his time than any other artist destined to a long tutelage to the School of Paris, and he was right to be untrodden by the persistent New York gibes that he was only "the Picasso of Washington Square". None the less, one cannot ignore the view that he was liable to bury himself under the heaviness of his pigment and the enclosures of late Cubism. Many drawings, vehemently scrawled and cross-hatched within the limits of the design, announce a frustration that appears in his paintings merely as an indication that he could change his artistic personality if he would to do so.

At some time around 1940 it was right that his models should appear to him as impeding his sensibility. He turned from Picasso towards the painterly surrealism of André Breton, expressed by Kandinsky's early improvisations and by the great Miró retrospective held in New York in 1941, he opened out the field of his painting, thinned his pigment, and thinned a drawing line that was then less given some quiet automatic freedom of movement. Kandinsky and de Kooning keyed up his palette. He took to painting rapidly, in series, from drawings which had been made in the country in a self-induced mood which may

have been somewhere between reverie and hysteria. Gorky's precise relationship to Surrealism is a key question. The Serpentine has many of the drawings of the period but could not borrow the paintings known as "Garden in Sochi" which came out of it. Gorky once described his Armenian inspiration with Surrealist accuracy:

About 194 feet away from our house on the road to the spring, my father had a little garden with a few apple trees which had redried from giving fruit. There was a patch of ground constantly in shade where grew innumerable amounts of wild carrots, and porcupines had made their nests. There was a blue rock half buried in the black earth with a few patches of moss placed here and there like fallen clouds.

It was because of some supposed connection between his new linear style and the deep old places of the personality that Gorky's pupil Ethel Schwabacher called him, in a famous phrase, "the Ingres of the Unconscious". But in fact Gorky seems to have been less interested in the illustration of an inner psychology (for that is what it amounts to) than any of his fellow artists. He was absorbed by the possibilities of a fine line within a shallowly modelled and variously inflected painted surface.

Gorky's drawing in his last years became intimate with his painting in a way that has no clear parallel

in modern art, nor in any art. This is not his originality as an artist. It is rather the consummation of his synthetic way with his influences. Nothing is quite new in his painting. In the year that Gorky made his very fine "The Limit" (1947), which closes the Serpentine show, Jackson Pollock effected a union between drawing and painting by the adoption of a drip technique. "That was the way forward. But the paintings of Gorky's last period are better than most Pollocks before that date: 'The Limit' is better than all but the best Mirós; and there is a reddish painting in the show which is vestigially a Picasso still-life and is better than anything comparable that Picasso had painted in the previous twenty years.

That is 'because of Gorky's virtuosity. In the end he found a quiet bravura with the brush that is unequalled in American art, and perhaps in any painting since Cubism. It is the true virtuosity of the late modern tradition, not a flashy adjunct but transparently itself in a painting that is nothing but what is visibly its means. But if Gorky found himself in these years he also found something he did not like. In 1948, at the age of forty-four, he scrawled 'goodbye my love' on the walls of his woodland and hung himself from its rafters.

Tim Hilton

Jubilee mug-shots

"Under the awesome glitter and the privilege kings and queens are human, and have the same feelings and emotions as the rest of us," writes Cecil Beaton, lest we forget, in his contribution to *Happy and Glorious* (136pp. Angus and Robertson, £4.80; paperback, £1.50), the companion volume to the exhibition opening at the National Gallery today. "Happy and Glorious" is the NPG's Jubilee offering, and consists of more than 300 royal family photographs, from the first known portrait of Queen Victoria with the young Prince of Wales, c. 1845, to the present day. The book says of the book, though not all of the calibre of Cecil Beaton's, tend quite properly towards the affectionately banal, with the exception of a sharp piece by Tom Topkisson in which he comments on the popular stonemasonry of royalty, past and present: "Perhaps the great photographic revolution, like other revolutions, has not taken us very far."

Certainly artists in this country have tended to flatter the monarch's family. We have had no Velázquez. Winterhalter, Victorian painter of Queen Victoria in 1855 juxtaposed to a photograph of much the same period shows just how kind the painter was. In our own day, skill and artistry have enabled Norman Parkinson, notably in his photographs of Princess Anne, to perform the same gallant service with the camera.

Queen Victoria was always plain. There are in the exhibition most of the familiar pictures of her and many that have not been seen publicly before. Her eyes were heavily-lidded both above and below—a characteristic that most of her children inherited. It gives them all, perhaps unjustly, a puffy look of passive sensuality; not so much bedroom eyes as dining-room eyes. One is used to seeing Queen Victoria old age as the black, glum widow, but perhaps because less long exposures were necessary, photographers caught some of her smiles at the end of her life. Smiling, she looks like anyone's nice granny, her mouth falling in a little of course, but the eyes are fewer teeth, but full of kindness.

Queen Victoria was an enthusiast for photography. She sent out large quantities on anniversaries and birthdays, even if they were on occasion less than festive—on dead Albert's birthday in 1874 she sent a little of the rather encouraging picture of "our dear Mausoleum". She had her children taught photography by the professionals, and she and most of her descendants kept family albums, some of which are in the exhibition.



The Prince of Wales at about the time of the last Silver Jubilee; from *Happy and Glorious*.

Queen Alexandra was an assiduous photographer, and so, because she had very little else to do, was her unmarried daughter Princess Victoria, whose albums date from the 1880s to the 1930s.

The Princess Victoria even took pictures of the rooms in which she stayed in other people's houses, and would sometimes cut the figures out of the print and glue them on to another, populating a previously uninhabited room. Nothing ever happened to her; there were a lot of uninhabited rooms in her life. Frances Diamond in the book refers to her poor health and her "sauce of fun". This "fun" is belied by what is probably the funniest but most miserable photograph in the exhibition: Princess Victoria and her cousin, Princess Marie of Greece, dressed up as naval officers, peep covertly through a lifeboat neither managing a smile, and looking unloved and desperate.

Miserable pictures stand out in an exhibition where so much is secure, familial, ordered. The Duke of Windsor's sad and frightened eyes dominate the Abdication picture. In contrast to the lifeboat jauntiness he projected in earlier days, he was much the most handsome royal male that the camera records—with the possible exception of Edward VII as the young Prince of Wales, before he grew a beard and got fat. The Duke and Duchess of Windsor were an essentially theatrical couple; in a picture taken in their old age, her face with its black, down-slanting eyebrows and dark-inked mouth has the look of a tragedy mask.

Very successful however are the spliced London railings which line the final room, on which the photographs of today's family are hung as in an open-air art exhibition. In contrast to the lifeboat jauntiness he projected in earlier days, he was much the most handsome royal male that the camera records—with the possible exception of Edward VII as the young Prince of Wales, before he grew a beard and got fat. The Duke and Duchess of Windsor were an essentially theatrical couple; in a picture taken in their old age, her face with its black, down-slanting eyebrows and dark-inked mouth has the look of a tragedy mask.

Canaletto (Giovanni Antonio Canal) 1697-1768

W. G. Constable

Edited by J. G. Links

The first edition of this book, an 'almost miraculous accomplishment' to quote the review in *The T.L.S.*, dealt with over a thousand paintings by or attributed to Canaletto as well as with his drawings and etchings. This new edition incorporates references to all that has been published about Canaletto during the past twelve years. Over a hundred paintings and drawings which have appeared since the first edition have been added to the catalogue. Two volumes illustrated £40

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Theodore Reff

Degas's notebooks provide a virtually continuous record of his activities, projects, ideas, and contacts from the beginning of his career in 1853 to 1886. The two thousand or so sketches, studies, copies, and caricatures in the notebooks constitute a series that is more closely and reliably dated than his drawings on larger sheets, and more revealing of the novel or experimental features of his draughtsmanship. Two volumes illustrated £45

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Christopher Lloyd

The Fox-Strangways collection forms the nucleus of the present important collection of earlier Italian paintings in the Ashmolean Museum. This catalogue comprises entries for, and reproductions of, 130 works painted by artists born before 1560, including such famous works as *The Hunt* by Uccello and *The Forest Fire* by Piero di Cosimo, as well as a number of other works which have not previously been published.

Chinoiserie

Oliver Impey

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To the Editor

Sisterly Sensibilities

Sir,—In the March 4 issue of the TLS, Valerie Shaw, in the course of a review entitled "Sisterly Sensibilities", makes a curious allusion to myself.

Mrs Zeman argues that so long as men remain unimpressed by women's fiction, and Clive James goes on paying sweet but unacceptable compliments about women being "all of a piece", then women will be confirmed in their knowledge that men, bless them, just do not want to listen to "the truth". And that does not trouble women at all, because what they want to be writing anyway are manuals for themselves and one another; Charlotte Brontë encourages Mrs Gaskell, Rebecca West acknowledges Margaret Drabble, and so on.

This cliché of approval could be the single most stubborn barrier to the step women's writing must take if it is to move at all.

Miss Shaw's style is so spasmodic, bringing to mind an image of Virginia Woolf stung by a horsefly, that she does not make her points clear. But I gather she thinks that there are women writers who write books all about women for women and these create a "circle of approval", which impedes women from writing as well as they could, by making them feel that they are "retreating from specialness into amorphous kinship". I gather also that she thinks I am one of the offenders and have shown it because I "acknowledge" Margaret Drabble.

It is, I think, generally agreed that it is better for a critic not to write about writers of whom they know nothing. If Miss Shaw knew anything about my writing she would know that, had I wished to write books about women that would only be read by women (and, how odd, by myself), I have been singularly unsuccessful. I have written a number of books, to be read by women and men, none of which have subjects which would form "circles of approval" round women which would encourage them "to retreat from specialness into amorphous kinship". I cannot conceive how this effect could be achieved by books on St Augustine, the Nuremberg Trials, power as a preoccupation of literature, treason in the last war and after, the history of Yugoslavia, or a novel about Russian revolution under the Tsardom. I would even do someone who was paid good money to do it. "What has made modern Belgrade, though one could guess it by looking at the town, is a conscious attempt to restore the glories of the medieval Serbian Empire. But, by the way, up the streets, some Serbian women..." It really could not be done.

It certainly was not done in the instance when Miss Shaw alleges that it was. As an example of the back-scratching of women Miss Shaw writes the sentence, absurd in several ways, "Charlotte Brontë encourages Mrs Gaskell, Rebecca West acknowledges Margaret Drabble, and so on". In that sentence "and so on" are the only terrible words. So far as I can remember I have only written about Margaret Drabble once in my life, and then with extreme brevity. In an article entitled "And they all lived unhappily ever after" (TLS, July 26, 1974), I devoted forty lines to the relationship of the sexes as presented by Brontë. I cannot see how it did not indicate my opinion of her work. It is true that it was one of a series called "Women in

Literature", but it could not have found a place in such manuals as Miss Shaw denounces. I hasten to say that I see no reason why Margaret Drabble should not be written about at great length, and no reason why women writers should not write about women writers. What I resent is Miss Shaw's allegations that I have written books of a sort that I have not written, and that I have expressed a defined attitude to Miss Drabble when I have done no such thing.

REBECCA WEST.
48 Kingston House North, Prince's Gate, London SW7.

Coleridge

Sir,—I ought to present brief reasons, when challenged, for the warning against Norman Fungel's little book *Damaged Archangel* (1971) which I gave in answer to your general question. Two examples should be enough.

For a complete argument that Coleridge was always a parasite one needs to maintain that he cribbed his poetical style; and Fungel says (page 280):

It is essentially to Wordsworth that we can attribute the remarkable change in Coleridge's poetry (during 1797) . . . which occurs after, and only after, the close friendship with Wordsworth.

Most critics, while agreeing in the main, say that a few of his earlier poems were already in the new manner, especially two written on his honeymoon, the "Eolian Harp" and the lines "On leaving a Place of Retirement" (1795-96). The "Harp" is a conversation with his bride in their country cottage; the instrument is constructed to be played upon by the fiftful breeze, heightening their intimate contact with Nature, and his delight in the whole scene encourages thoughts of Pantheism. She calls them blasphemous, and he yields with easy grace, but may be expected to try again. It is arch but candid, and true, when one realizes that the marriage was to break upon this rock (she took very hard his refusal of baptism to the children, till some time after Berkeley was dead). So his philosophical thoughts here were not as unimportant to him as they appear to be. The two poems appear to be written till the end of a long denunciation of Coleridge's early work (page 256) where we learn that their "steady and clear voices" are "almost submerged".

When he at last admits that pantheistic ideas are induced by the wind-harp he says (page 301) that these are merely "the persistent divine heresy into which Pope stumbled in his *Essay on Man*", because the poem "makes no suggestion of spiritual or intellectual fall-out in the contemplation of

nature", which was central for the theory of Wordsworth. But the poem about leaving retirement obviously does do this: a wicked business man comes out from the city and looks at the cottage, and even he is for the moment improved. In fact this poem, though not the "Wind-harp", might be called snug; the lovers are so glued with the virtues of Nature that they are sure they will do good to the wicked city. The long critical struggle has no purpose except to blackmail the poet indirectly, and shows very little grasp of his interests or feelings.

A famous old scandal about plagiarism in Coleridge, smugly said after he had died, concerns the "Hymn before Sunrise" over Mont Blanc (1802). One needs to understand just what had happened. Shortly before composing it he had made a solitary tour in the Lake country, writing up his day for Sara Hutchinson from coast to coast, house every evening, and at one point found himself crag-fat, unable to go up or down, beside a dead sheep which had tried to go the same way. He reports to Sara:

I lay in a state of almost prophetic trance. . . . Oh God, I exclaimed aloud, how calm, how blessed I am now. . . . If I were asleep, what agonies had I suffered, what screams!

He thanks God for the powers of Nature, and the clouds so near above him posting urgently to the northward, that have awed him into calm. After collecting himself in this way he is able to find a crack in the cliff and comes down it with-out difficulty. Just so, the Mariner saved his life by blessing the water-snakes; Coleridge was exhilarated by the affair, bringing it into several letters, and it would have made a very fine Nature-poem. Made, I repeat, by the dead chance, he wrote instead a formal Ode or Haranguing about meeting God on Mont Blanc; it has no incident, and feels shrilly insincere. And no wonder, as it suppresses the experience of Coleridge's first journey into the mountains. Coleridge had denounced Nature, earlier in the same year, by the poem "Dejection"; now he sacrifices Nature to God the Father, and his nightmares become even worse. He must appear theatrically present at this Grand Tour mountain, where he has never been; so even the prose introduction is literally translated from a German author, who had been there and written a short poem about it, with "I thought", etc., translated as well. This goes to show that Coleridge's original, it is hard to see how the poet could have led forward the obscure lady who had helped him, incidentally making clear that her contribution was not very great, but of increased popularity with no loss of fame. It is more as

if he wanted to retain a hallucination.

While the poem was coming out, Coleridge wrote to a new acquaintance, Sothely, and explained that he had been first inspired by Scatell, where "I involuntarily poured out a hymn in the manner of the Psalms". Fungel nails this to a lie, near the start of his book (page 28); he says that the letter to Sara gives a "minute account" of the experience on Scatell, "without mentioning a hymn, involuntarily poured forth or otherwise". From then on, another fear about the phrase may crop up anywhere in his book. Well, I agree that Coleridge is not at his best when pompous. But the Psalms, in English at any rate, often do seem startlingly abrupt, and the address to God from the cliff is like them so far. It is the only occasion in which Coleridge repeats to himself as speaking alone, and it comes at the point of greatest dramatic interest; how could anyone read the letter and doubt that this was what Coleridge had meant to describe, when writing to Sothely, even though his description was in bad taste? As to "involuntary", a speech to God while expecting death alone is likely to be spontaneous; and he might easily feel surprised by what he said, as his feelings about Nature had become so mixed. Fungel says (page 451) "There is no evidence that Coleridge repeated this story to anyone else"; apparently meaning the story that he had changed the place from Scatell to the Alps. But he sent to Beaumont with the text of the poem, a much finer line than Scatell; it was in my thoughts, and so it exasperatingly is. As to the story that he had spoken aloud, he wrote about that to Sara, at least. One should notice, in these remarks about the time, that he takes for granted he has not really done his Mont Blanc, any more than he had sailed with the Ancient Mariner; indeed, he could not have pretended that he had.

He ought to have given credit to the living authoress, though he need not to the long-dead ships' captain; but in either case he was admitted for imagining vividly what he had not only by reading. Boresdoms he may be accused of; but no doubt he felt he had been putting himself through a severe trial, in sacrificing to God all the tenderness of Nature, and ought not to be bothered with trivialities. I have to regard the poem as a terrible betrayal of his intimate experience and his powers; to worry about the plagiarism feels to me like the priests who interrupt the trial of St Joan for heresy by accusing her of stealing a bishop's horse.

Finally the letter blames me for "an assault upon the play" of Coleridge, and out his intelligence too. Well, nightmares and neurotic fears are usually irrational, and may be Coleridge sometimes talks as if he were too enlightened to believe in Hell; but we may be sure that his wife and his person brother frequently threatened him with Hell. In 1803, when Hazlitt stayed with him to paint his portrait (the Note-

books tell us) he triumphantly proved that his God was not malignant, against the jeering of Wordsworth and the visitor, and then screamed the house down as soon as he got to sleep. "Oh, my God," Fungel refuses to discuss his religious problems at all except for a dismissive reference to a "flirtation with a Unitarian ministry" (page 256); but he magnificently decides, after listing some nightmares, that Coleridge had an unconscious craving for incest with his mother, which made him impotent. Coleridge would consider this a very gross "assault". But it would be no insult to be told, what is probable, that he feared his God would punish him if he committed adultery. Fungel is so remote from the mind of Coleridge that he cannot be expected to understand the poems.

WILLIAM EMPSON.
Studio House, 1 Hampstead Hill Gardens, London NW3.

R. H. Tawney

Sir,—I hoped I had belted my book reasonably well, but I should expect Professor Elton to swallow line and slaker as well (Letters, March 4). Standing in much awe of professors, I feared that denunciation of Tawney ex cathedra from both Oxford and Cambridge might be taken too seriously. Professor Cobb has graciously withdrawn; Professor Elton now tells us that Namier is almost as bad as Tawney, and that there are no undemocratic books on history. Not a single one. Clearly this is not History Speaking in the House of Commons; it is Professor Elton warring his crusty old prejudices in this amusing old way. Since a letter is hardly the place adequately to defend (or attack) the method of a great historian, let me conclude by accepting with proper gratitude that "Tawney inspires high respect" and agree that his books are not Holy Writ. Nor are the views of any other historian.

CHRISTOPHER HILL.
Balliol College, Oxford.

The House of Warburg

Sir,—With reference to Jonathan Steinberg's excellent review of *Das Bankhaus M. M. Warburg* by E. Rosenbaum and A. J. Sherman (March 11) I should like, with your kind permission to draw the attention of those of your readers who are interested in the subject but may not be familiar with the German language to the fact that a shorter version in English of the history of the great banking firm, by Eduard Rosenbaum, has been published in Volume 7 of the *Year Book of the Leo Baeck Institute* (London 1962), under the title "M. M. Warburg & Co Merchant Bankers of Hamburg—A survey of the first 140 years, 1798 to 1938".

ROBERT WELTSCH.
4 Devonshire Street, London W1.

Among this week's contributors

RAYMOND CARR is the author of *Spain 1818-1939*, 1966, and *The Spanish Civil War*, 1971.

DILLON CLARKE is a Lecturer at Middlesex Polytechnic.

RICHARD CLUTTERBUCK's most recent book is *Levin with Pezormian*, 1975.

L. P. EDWARDS-SUTTON is Professor of Persian at the University of Edinburgh.

NICHOLAS FAITH is the author of *The Infiltrators: the European Invasion of the United States*, 1971.

CELINA FOX is Assistant Education Officer at the Museum of London.

JOHN GAGNE's most recent book is *Turner: Rain, Steam and Speed*, 1972.

NICOLA GLENDINING's *Cops and his Critics* will be published later this year.

LAWRENCE GOWING's books include *Gogh*, 1965, and *Turner: Imagination and Reality*, 1968.

ANITA BROOKINGS is the author of *The Genius of the Future: Studies in French Art Criticism*, 1971.

RICHARD CALVOGROSS is a Research Assistant at the Scottish National Gallery of Modern Art.

JOHN HAYES's books include *Rawlston: Watercolours and Drawings*, 1972, and *Gainsborough: Paintings and Drawings*, 1975.

TIM HILTON's *Picasso* was published last year.

MICHAEL HIRST is a Lecturer at the Courtauld Institute, London.

PETER KIDSON is the author (with Peter Murray) of *A History of English Architecture*, 1962.

SEANE KOSTOR is President of the Society of Architectural Historians. His books include *Caves of God*, 1972, and *The Third Rome 1870-1960: Traffic and Glory*, 1973.

SIR EDMUND LEACH is the author of *Genesis as Myth*, 1970.

MICHAEL LEIRIS's books include *La règle du jeu*, an autobiography, whose fourth and final volume, *Frère brutal*, was published last year.

ROBERT MARVILLE is the author of *Henry Moore*, 1971.

WILLIAM MASTERY-OWEN is a Director of the Old Master Prints department at Christie's.

DAVID MOWAT is the author of *Gaul* which was published last month.

BENEDICT NICHOLSON is the editor of *Burlington Magazine*.

DAVID PIER is Director of the Ashmolean Museum, Oxford.

JOHN RUSSELL's books include *Edouard Vuillard*, 1971, and *The Meanings of Modern Art*, 1975.

ANDREW SAINT'S Norman Shaw was published last year.

JOHN SHAPARMA's books include *Mannerism*, 1967, and *Raphael's Cartoons*, 1972.

ALASTAIR SMART is the author of *The Problem and the Art of Giotto*, 1971.

ROY STRONG is Director of the Victoria and Albert Museum, London.

MICHAEL SULLIVAN's books include *The Arts of China*, 1973, and *The Meeting of Eastern and Western Art*, 1973.

ANTHONY THWAITE's collections of poems include *Inscriptions*, 1973, and *New Confessions*, 1974.

CHARLES TOMLINSON's books include *The Way of a World*, 1969, and *Words and Images*, 1972.

SIR ELLIS WATERHOUSE's books include *Gainsborough*, 1958 and *Indian Baroque Painting*, 1962.

CHRISTOPHER WHITE's books include *Rembrandt as an Etcher*, 1969, and *Diary*, 1971.

FRANK WHITFORD is the author of *Kandinsky*, 1968.

FRANCIS YATES's *Astraea: the imperial theme in the sixteenth century* was published in 1975.

Welshness

Sir,—There are two mistakes of fact in David Smith's otherwise well-informed article, "The wherewithal of Welshness" (March 4). First, there are five not "four" colleges of the University of Wales. As he shows ignorance of its English colleges, I suppose that David Smith is overlooking Saint David's University College, Lampeter, which joined the university in the 1960s but is older than the other four colleges and is this year celebrating the hundred and fiftieth anniversary of its opening. For, second, although Anglo-Welsh literature appears to be "barely studied" in the other four colleges, at Lampeter, since 1974, a course on Anglo-Welsh writers, from Henry Vaughan and Thomas Traherne to Roland Michias and John Ormond, has been pursued as a ninth part of examined work for an honours degree in English.

BELINDA HUMFREY.
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Botticelli

Sir,—In the review of Kenneth Clark's *The Drawings of Sandro Botticelli* for *Dante's Divina Commedia* (February 18), I would have been surprised to see no reference to an earlier but still recent publication of these drawings, if the same lack had not been noticeable also in a previous review in the *Daily Telegraph* magazine section. The book in question is a bilingual edition of the *Divina Commedia* which appeared in 1963 (London, 1963), and is a selection of Uccello's series of works presenting East and West to each other. (The fact that the second language is Esperanto may have something to do with the ignorance of its existence, though it did in fact form part of a commemorative exhibition in the Cambridge University Library in 1965).

In this book we have ninety-four drawings (not ninety-two), distributed as follows: twenty-nine for the *Inferno* (none for Canto 27, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49, 50, 51, 52, 53, 54, 55, 56, 57, 58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 71, 72, 73, 74, 75, 76, 77, 78, 79, 80, 81, 82, 83, 84, 85, 86, 87, 88, 89, 90, 91, 92, 93, 94, 95, 96, 97, 98, 99, 100); thirty-one for *Purgatorio* (because two for Canto 23); thirty-one for *Paradiso* (because none for Canto 31 and 33); I only eleven Cantos lack a drawing. The book is a very good one, and the illustrations are of the highest quality. The book is a very good one, and the illustrations are of the highest quality. The book is a very good one, and the illustrations are of the highest quality.

It also explains how most of the drawings came to be divided between East and West Berlin: the Russians carried off some of them in 1945, but returned them to East Germany in 1959; and he tells us that Lippmann, who acquired them in London for the Berlin Museum

in 1932, first recognized their authenticity as originals by spotting Botticelli's signature on an angel's shield in the drawing for *Paradiso* xxviii. Incidentally, from this too we learn that we could have seen some of them in the Edizioni Palatine of the *Divina Commedia* published in Turin in 1946, and learnt something about them from Butard's study in 1952 (Paris).

At 18 (from British Esperanto Association, 140 Holland Park Avenue, London W11 4UE) this sumptuous volume of 709 pages is probably the cheapest way of acquiring all the drawings; and with them one receives the whole *Divina Commedia*, with copious notes and an introduction, not to mention the tour de force of Paolo Perlungo's Esperanto translation.

D. B. GREGOR.
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The Luo

Sir,—May I add a supplementary note to Geoffrey Lienhardt's review of A. B. C. Ochalla-Ayayo's *Traditional Ideology and Ethics among the Southern Luo*?

Who would have thought, he asks, that it might be as complex as the Luo? The Luo are not to have one's lavatory at a distance from the house, or to pass water in the house itself? There is a Greek analogy. In the process of a vendetta, one of the tactics of the more powerful is to accuse the victim of having a victim's house so brightly that his excreta have to be carried outside his house by women under cover of darkness. It may be this, and not the mere fear of darkness, which is the buried principle under his being a sign of devotion to have one's lavatory at a distance.

PETER LEVI.
Campton Hall, Oxford.

The Malay Civil Service

Sir,—Rodney Needham, in his review (February 18) of *Drang Ahi* by Iskander Carey, writes: "Those responsible for the government of the great empire can have known very little indeed, in many cases next to nothing, about most of the peoples in it." In the same review he says that Skut and Blagden's *Pagan Rites of the Malay States* is monumental, and that Wilkinsons' *Barbaric Tribes* is a source that readers today may still not pass over.

We should remember that W. Skut and R. J. Wilkinsons were both members of the Civil Service for the Federated Malay States, and that, as pure subjects, they were published by direction of the Government of the Federated Malay States, Wilkinsons was the general editor.

B. A. BEMBRIDGE.
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Fifty years on . . .

Mrs. Constance Sitwell has produced an unusual book of travel and a fine piece of writing in *Flowers and Elephants* (Jonathan Cape, 5s. net). In a foreword Mr E. M. Forster calls up terrific spectres. He warns the "careless reader" against mistaking the profundity of the book and contrasts the Indian point of view with the point of view of those "poor young fellows" the "gallant Englishmen". To us Mr Forster seems to have read into the book what is not there. Its main charm is that it avoids the usual discussions of the Indian point of view; though attracted by Hinduism, Mrs Sitwell does not appear to have a profound knowledge of it; and nowhere does she patronize the "poor young fellows". The book is a remarkably successful attempt, in the American manner, to express the "reaction" to India of a fashionable young lady with a power of descriptive writing. The dreary travel passages through India is very well kept up. Mrs Sitwell skilfully plays with the notion that in India the borderline between appearance and reality is hazier than in England. But the best passages in the book are the purely descriptive and, with all deference to Mr Forster, we should have liked more of them. The account of Suez is typical of what Mrs Sitwell can do.

The morning sparkled—the sea shimmered the palest green and blue; and Suez lay, just low line of ochre and lilac buildings, along the yellowish shore. In the cool air lovely bird-like boats, painted green, with pointed white sails came sailing near and about the shore. The huddled figures in their white robes seemed to have been there all night, so immobile were they; while one steered the others sat, with blue cloths shrouding them, silently looking across the water. Equally good is the impression of frontier scenery: "I kept saying to myself that this must be what the moon looks like or some lifeless star, for the landscape had indeed a most unearthly appearance". Rajes, priests, devotees and Englishmen are sketched with the same delicate touch. In Mrs Sitwell's dream-journey round India and Ceylon, from the TLS of March 17, 1927, Constance Sitwell's new book *Bounteous Days* (73pp. Cecil Woolf, £2.50), a memoir of the years 1913-1925 ranging from pre-war life in Ceylon to dinner at Lambeth Palace, based on her own diaries, is published this week.

The *Novels of Max Frisch*, by Michael Butler, which was reviewed in the TLS on February 25, is published by Oswald Wolff.

The art of Francis Bacon

By Michel Leiris

In the second of his published conversations with his friend David Sylvester, *Interviews with Francis Bacon*, Thames and Hudson, 1974, where he is most revealing about both his life and his art (as they appeared to him between 1962 and 1975, to be exact, because neither the life nor the art are yet complete and the person concerned is not someone to be taken in by the belief that he has discovered some truth once and for all), Francis Bacon introduces what is, I think, the key term that enables us to "place" him: so far as one can place him, that is, in the context of his work, it is the exercise of his severe architecture in the setting as for its central theme (a man, our contemporary, at grips with a culture), achieves a sombre power enabling us to see it as the Promethean apotheosis of those earlier artists which Bacon called "Crucifixions".

Notwithstanding the artist's own disclaimer in the matter, and I would to see in his work an art based on the interaction of antagonistic terms, which, as if marked out by the very nature of the thing, is a tragic tension? The most manifest of these antagonisms is the more or less constant contrast between the intensity of the human or other figures and the neutrality of their surroundings. The first of these is always upon a layer of lines and colours (like stormy accumulations from which the scene stands out), the second painted perfectly flat. The starkly realistic aim that Bacon pursues most zealously is that there should arise, out of a chaotic, almost abstract space where nothing occurs, that can be reduced to a "plot", a presence which is, essentially, the "arising" of a presence. Bacon turns his backgrounds to account less to create atmosphere than to provide the logical conditions for such sudden arisings.

Similarly, it would seem, with the kinds of stage properties which appear in a number of his pictures (props whose sole function is to provide a frame for the subject in the same way as someone writing underlines the passage he wants to "bring out"), and one may even wonder whether it is not with some analogous intention that the object he is only the imaginary elements which Bacon readily associates with the real ones, should be seen with the starkness of an event—that he has several times painted, in his most abstract, the theme of crucifixion. From it he takes, apart from the display of meat almost as in a butcher's shop, of the body on the cross, the traditional armature of its representations. In the version in which the pagan figures of the Purities are paradoxically incorporated into the Christian myth, Bacon moves on to those even freer versions in which the religious drama undergoes a wholly secular and contemporary war, and that his crucifixion loses nothing of its dignity.

To paint figuratively without being illustrative, as if one sets about it rigorously, like trying to square the circle. For a long time Bacon attempted to solve this problem by speculating on what might be called the subjugation of chance. Chance intervenes in two ways: as pure accident, in the necessary uncertainties involved in the handling of a pencil or brush, and as provoked accident, whereby the painter would project paint on to his canvas more or less at random, and rub or smear the shapes that thus came into being, so as to restore chaos. Bacon exploited these effects either directly or by adopting them as suggestions, and they helped him to avoid an unduly straightforward figuration.

This, however, had to be counterbalanced by concerted effort to adhere to the motif—whether it be the motif he had started out with or some other motif that had presented itself along the way—since if it did not refer to something real, or representable, the image could be nothing but a futile assemblage of shapes and therefore not even a true image. Hence that enhanced tension peculiar to Bacon's work, as he not only steers his course between two tendencies he knows to be contradictory, but also an irrational means in order to achieve a "recording" which he wants to be faithful and which he hopes will be all the more "poignant" (a term quite without sentimental connotations for Bacon) for having been achieved by kind of inner conflict. Bacon's entire oeuvre, his portraits and figure paintings as well as his large compositions, is the answer to this more or less deliberate search for the highest possible tension: the compositions are less stage-sets than some narrative, or might be devoted to the confrontation between human beings or objects, which strikes us by their presence and do little except to be there, without anything transpiring between them in the least dramatic or anecdotal (except when, among

other images of struggle or fusion, a collision often occurs two of these creatures, who are then fused into a single, indistinguishable motif, or in other words by the very essence of tension and ambiguity).

Although drama and tragedy have too strong a narrative element and are therefore excluded on principle from Bacon's art, it cannot be denied that tragedy hares openly in such disturbing works as the posthumous portraits of George V, which are the unrestrained expression of an intense grief, or the imposing typich of 1976 which, as much for the light, for the play of the lines, its severe architecture in the setting as for its central theme (a man, our contemporary, at grips with a culture), achieves a sombre power enabling us to see it as the Promethean apotheosis of those earlier artists which Bacon called "Crucifixions".

To have a passionate love of life and to live it avidly, knowing all the while that life is meaningless and that one can give it meaning only for oneself and for a terribly limited space of time: this is the awful paradox which seems to endow Bacon with a surplus of energy, such (so far as we can judge from what he himself has said) is the fundamental tension which makes him personally so fascinating. Tempered by his despotic desire always to be moving more, and by an instinctive prudishness which never allows others would have gone under completely, Bacon's furious desire to live and to deny himself nothing goes with a lucidity that deprives him of all hope. A situation to make the mind reel, it means surely that this overexposed contrast, whose violent outbursts go with great delicacy of manner, ought to be taken literally when he confides to Sylvester that he feels himself spinning between life and death like a cork ball that has been tossed in the air in a game of heads or tails.

Bacon is a painter who wants to be nothing other than a painter (and perhaps a sculptor, as he says he dreams of being), but who could never be content to be merely a brilliant manipulator of shapes and colours, and would rather allow himself to be a painter who aims at nothing but a certain "immediacy", yet who is constantly in the struggle of the struggle.

The creations which result are all the more striking for the absence of any self-attempt to attract attention, or of lyricism, or dramatic trickery. They are quivering, at times strident creations, and always taut to the point of disintegration. In every case their coherence is the obvious product of a narrow and precariously achieved but all the more vital for that—of a positive alteration between intelligence and impulse, between the phlegmatic and the frantic, between balance and unbalance.

This article appears, under the title of *Le Grand Jeu de Francis Bacon*, as the introduction to the catalogue of an exhibition of recent works by Bacon at the Galerie Claude Bernard in Paris. It will also appear in a book on Bacon to be published by Skira.

The fifth issue of *Articrite* (20pp. 40p.), a magazine devoted to contemporary painting, has recently appeared, the issue being edited by James Faure Walker. There are interviews with, among others, Bernard Cohen and R. B. Kitaj, reviews and a number of articles including "John Hoyland's Paintings 1974-1975" by Peter Macdonald. Copies can be ordered care of Lloyds Bank, 19 Highgate Hill, London N19 5LS; the editorial address is 98 Euston Road, London NW1.

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First men of the future

By Alan Bowness

RICHARD CORK:

Vorticism
And Abstract Art in the First
Machine Age
Volume 1: 345pp. £29
Volume 2: 320pp. £17
Gordon Fraser.

"Vorticism was what I, personally, did, and said, at a certain period"—thus Wyndham Lewis in 1956, providing in twelve words one of the most salutary definitions of an art movement that a historian can hope to find. But Lewis of course was only telling a part of the truth, and now Richard Cork in about 200,000 words on nearly 600 large and very well illustrated and well documented pages has provided us with the other side of the coin—a view of Vorticism as a group effort of a dozen young men and women in the heroic years before the First World War which was to provide this country with an equivalent of Italian Futurism, French Cubism and German Expressionism.

Very skillfully and clearly, Richard Cork in *Vorticism* tells the story of the movement's rise and fall, adopting the narrative method used by John Rewald in his *History of Impressionism*. Cork keeps to a fairly strict chronology, and moves from one artist to another, making us month by month through its exciting time. Naturally, but without undue distortion, he emphasizes with the Vorticists, so that we see events from their point of view, it is a partisan position, and a young man's one, which has an immediate parallel with the situation in which Cork finds himself as a polemical critic of today's art. This helps to give what might otherwise have been a rather tedious and long-winded study a sharp cutting edge.

Without wishing to belittle Cork's very considerable achievement I cannot help feeling he is less than generous to others who have pre-

ceded him in the field. You would hardly be aware, from reading his book, that Walter Michel had published a complete catalogue of Lewis's paintings and drawings in 1971, or that William Lipkowitz's cousin doctoral thesis of 1966 was the real pioneering effort. No publisher showed any interest in the subject twelve years ago, and Lipkowitz's book of 1967 suffered from being too obviously a memorial volume. Cork himself has benefited greatly from being asked to prepare an exhibition for the Arts Council in 1974, and from finding in James Fraser a sympathetic publisher who has clearly taken endless trouble over the book's appearance (layout and printing and colour blocks are excellent), and who realizes that the very high price is acceptable if the product is manifestly worth the money.

I do not want to quibble over small points of dating or interpretation, except to say that Cork is surely sometimes wrong, in for example accepting the 1909 date for Lewis's "Celibate", and in his very formulaic readings of even such well-known pictures as "Composition 1912", the "Portrait of an Englishwoman" or "The Crowd". These misreadings are however indicative of my two disagreements with Cork's thesis: the first concerns the nature of Lewis's role in Vorticism; the second is the question of whether or not it led to an abstract art, as the first title of Cork's book implies.

Lewis's own definition of Vorticism was of course mischievous, but Lewis remained the major figure of the movement, and to treat him as just one of the group is ultimately unhistorical. Cork's treatment of the lesser figures is generally first rate, but I am tempted to say that he simply does not understand what Lewis was about. He finds Lewis rather unattractive as a character (perhaps he was) and presents him principally as a schemer, a politician, a "master tactician" setting out to lead an English avant-garde. Lewis was "spiritual" towards Bon-Berg, jealously dismissing his big abstract pictures (which Cork extravagantly admires) as academic. I think Lewis was right about Bon-Berg, who later, quite correctly, dis-

missed the paintings as "pure decoration". Lewis knew exactly what he was doing in these years, and there is a seriousness and high purpose about his intentions which does not come through in Cork's pages. To put it briefly, the Nietzschean Lewis wanted to change the world; he was concerned with man's place in society, and with the artist's function as the agent of the necessary transformation. Lewis started by creating the mechanomorphic figure, the "Enemy of the Stars" (1913), the visual equivalent of his novel's hero Tarr, but he quickly shifted to an architectural model, as in the "Portrait of an Englishwoman" (1915).

Writing in the *Architectural Review* in November 1934 Lewis said: "Vorticism" was a movement initiated by a group of painters, but it was aimed essentially at an architectural reform. This remark helps to explain Lewis's artistic development over the Vorticist years: Lewis's pictorial protagonist assimilates the form of architecture—seen from aerial views, or in Coburn's photographs of New York skyscrapers—and it is this development that reaches its culmination in the leaves of the remarkable 1914-15 sketchbook. These are not proto-abstract pictures: as Lewis makes clear in *Dialect 2*, the question of representation or non-representation is irrelevant. Lewis was forging a new artistic language, equivalent to life, not dependent on it; a part of his large-scale satirical approach.

Somehow or other, Lewis thought that his artistic and literary activities could transform society. It did not work out like that, but the fact that Mondrian's painting, through the 1911, did influence modern architecture, and more pertinently, that Lewis's "Portrait of an Englishwoman" when reproduced in a Russian magazine in 1915 did, it seems, suggest ideas and forms to Malevich and Lissitzky, should remind us that Lewis's ambition to lead art into revolution was neither a unique nor a totally impracticable one.

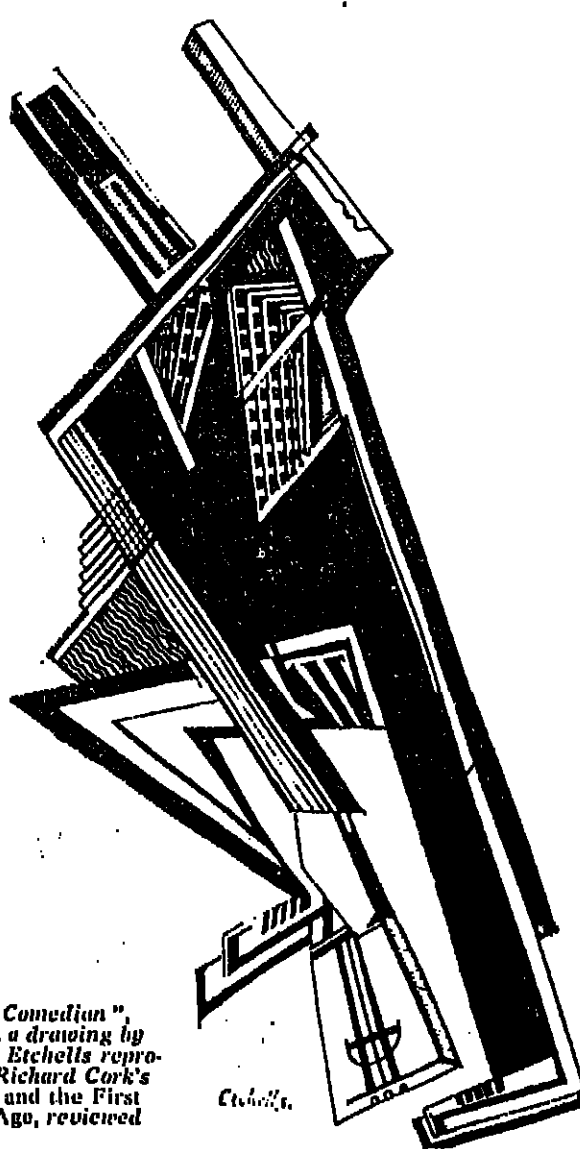
"We are the first men of a future that has not materialized. We belong to a great age that has not come off," said Lewis in 1937. Mr Cork thinks that the Vorticist future did materialize in the emergence of a totally abstract art; and because the Vorticists did not achieve this, though they came very close, Mr Cork sees them ultimately as failures who lacked the courage to push their ideas through to the logical conclusion. Lewis lost confidence in his own ambitions in 1916, but this was largely because of the shattering

effects of the war, which, as Mr Cork realizes, was the ultimate destroyer of Vorticism. He could articulate post-war problems, but no longer had confidence in his ability to solve them.

For the Vorticists themselves, they were all at that crucial psychological phase in the development of any artist, making the extra effort that is needed to establish an individual voice and a position of superiority over and above one's contemporaries. In many cases these five or ten years see the appearance of that artist's best work, and the rest of his or her career may appear a long, sad coda. Art is short and life is long. I happen to believe, however, that most of the Vorticists produced

their best work after the Vorticist period—this is certainly true of Lewis, of Bomberg, of Roberts, of Wadsworth, though not of their associates, Epstein and Nevinson, and of course Gaudier was killed, and Etchells, significantly, abandoned art for architecture.

Mr Cork says that when Lewis introduced himself to Bomberg in 1912, he was "prompted no doubt... by the realization that here was another artist determined to pursue abstraction." I think this is a totally misleading interpretation, and it is Mr Cork's determination to pursue abstraction as the aim and end of Vorticism that mars his otherwise magnificent study. Historical hindsight results in critical distortion; but then perhaps only someone with no interest in art after 1915 and no knowledge of it could write from an unbiased point of view.



"English Comedian" (1914-15), a drawing by Frederick Etchells reproduced in Richard Cork's *Vorticism* and the First Machine Age, reviewed here.

Hot from the foundry

By Quentin Bell

E. GRAEME ROBERTSON and
JOAN ROBERTSON:
Cast Iron Decoration
A World Survey
336pp. Thames and Hudson. £14.

Cast iron is the poor relation of wrought iron and, as most have said, slightly disreputable relation at that. "John Ruskin," say the authors, pontificated against the use of cast iron, considering any nation uncivilized which would use these vulgar and cheap substitutes for more decorative wrought iron. Ruskin actually said was slightly different; but there can be no doubt that he felt deeply about cast iron and in particular about cast iron railings. Many others have felt as he did and indeed the case against cast iron is strong. Cast work has none of the tensile strength of iron that has been cut and hammered into such fronds and foliage bands and ribbons as seem to result naturally from the character of the well-tempered metal. He who seeks truth to material, the craftsmanlike quality of a medium whose possibilities and limitations have been thoroughly explored so that it may be courted as completely by the craftsman, must look elsewhere.

This is not to say that the foundryman has a mystery of his own, obviously he has but there is no effective connection between the

work of the foundry and the work of the designer—cast iron, like plaster, is a wonderfully accommodating material. Cottingham's *The Smith and Founders Directory* of 1824 shows us how the client could be supplied with Gothic capitals, "Rosettes, enriched battlements and friezes" for street lamps, gas lights, candleabra and hot-air stoves. It was eminently a product of the Industrial Revolution, not deriving from the materials that lay ready to hand in the districts in which the builder—worked, and lacking the indigenous character of flint or brick, stone or marble. Cast iron work is fully specified by the manufacturer's pattern book, and therefore can have no connection with native styles, very often the finished product is transported bodily from Glasgow to Twickenham, Tait or Melbourne. An entire facade cast in this country might be shipped to the banks of the Patomac or the Ganges. It was in fact the stuff of a prefabricated architecture, instant elegance on the cheap.

Now the interesting thing about this kind of criticism is that it is wholly nugatory. The arguments of Ruskin and of those who agree with him may seem to have a cast-iron solidity but, for many people, in fact for most of our contemporaries, they are valid only on the condition that we refrain from looking at the evidence. One has only to turn the pages of *Cast Iron Decoration* to see that Ruskin was wrong, wrong for us at all events, and this prompts further speculation about the criticism which is both interesting and unconvincable

Visual arts in the Irish Republic are the special subject of the March issue of *Art Monthly*. Colin O'Brien, head of the Irish Arts Council, describes its activities and the links it has developed with the Ulster Arts Council.

This is the fifth number of *Art Monthly* (print order 3.00) which announced its arrival last October with a front-page article arguing that there is a major gap in Britain for a magazine which would take a serious equal interest in progressive art, literature, music, etc., and in the society in which these are operated. That inaugural issue featured art in Scotland; subsequent issues have contained a critique of Hugh Jenkins, an interview with his successor Lord Donaldson, and a piece on "Pompous" Multi-Coloured Dream Machine" or how they opened the £125m art refinery. *Art Monthly* is edited by Peter Townsend, a former editor of *Studio International*, and Jack Wandler, an American who used to run a London gallery. It costs 40p and is available from 87 Museum Street, London WC1.

Michelangelo's Genesis

Structuralist comments on the paintings on the Sistine Chapel ceiling

By Edmund R. Leach

The paintings on the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel are among the most celebrated in the world and a vast amount of information is available as to the circumstances that led to their production. In attempting a structuralist analysis of their themes, I do not offer my interpretations as an alternative to more orthodox varieties of art-historical criticism; it is simply that a structuralist way of looking at things brings into prominence points which otherwise tend to get overlooked.

Structuralist analysis of any sort, whether it is applied to verbal or literary or visual materials, nearly always bears a marked family resemblance to Freudian psychoanalysis, and there are corresponding difficulties of evaluation. The data are too private. Lévi-Strauss's four-volume work on the mythology of the American Indians is an almost incredible feat of intellectual acrobatics, but since very few of his readers know anything at all about his source materials, except what Lévi-Strauss himself has told them, it is hard to know what to make of it. It is for that reason that I have always tried to apply my own brand of structuralism—which differs substantially from that of Lévi-Strauss—to data which are relatively well known and in areas where there are other styles of analysis which can be directly compared to my own. This is the justification for the present effort.

Before we start on the pictures let me say something about the structuralist theory which will underlie my analysis. I assume that any human creative act starts out as a mental operation which is then projected on to the external world. Those projections can take all sorts of manifest forms; they include speech utterances, written texts, functionally useful material constructions such as houses and bridges, performative constructions such as plays, ceremonies and religious rituals, and purely symbolic material objects such as carvings, paintings and so on. All such creations are "designed" by the creator; they have a structured order which, in part at least, is built into the product. Intentionally in some respects the structure of such human creations is determined (or at least delimited), by the nature of the object and by the materials of which it is made. For example, in the case we are to consider, the Sistine Chapel ceiling, the very awkward vaulted roof already existed before Michelangelo set to work on it. Comparably, when an architect designs a house, there has to be a feed-back between his mental operations, the requirements of his clients, and the limitations set by what is technically possible. But also, and this is where the theory of structuralism comes in, and why it is related to the theory of psychoanalysis, the mental operations of any human designer are circumscribed, not only by the qualities of his materials and by his objectives, but by the design of the human brain itself.

We can only think the thoughts which human brains are capable of thinking. In one sense, this is obvious, but since it is equally obvious that I cannot provide you with an example of an unthinkable thought, it may not seem very profitable. But I am not so sure. Wittgenstein's *Tractatus*, which was produced when he was still quite a young man, ended up on the depressing note that philosophy is a disease which can be cured by the realization that there are unsayable things. He then devoted the rest of his life trying to discover ways of saying things about the sayable. In a comparable way, structuralism is concerned to think things about the unthinkable.

Roughly speaking, structuralist method consists in making a meticulous and comparative examination of human artifacts (the projected products of human thought) with a view to discovering their design constraints, and establishing the relation of that structure to the data because of the intentional operations of the designer who has to tackle, at a conscious level, the various technical problems I have mentioned already. But other parts of the structure appear to be there by accident

in the sense that they serve no immediate function.

They are there because they have given the designer some kind of aesthetic pleasure without his knowing why. It is especially, though not exclusively, patterned structures of this latter sort which interest the structural theorist. Any talking about a feed-back relationship between the social context and what goes on in the designer's head, and I am arguing that in all types of creative activity the designer assimilates from his social environment a sense of what is right and proper and then incorporates this feeling in his productions by imposing a logical order on the component parts of the system in a way which the designer himself perhaps only dimly recognizes.

Let me be explicit: Michelangelo was commissioned by the Pope to paint the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel in 1508. He accepted the commission with reluctance; he thought of himself as a sculptor, not a painter of frescoes. But once he took on the job he was absorbed in it for the next four years. All sorts of factors must have influenced the way that Michelangelo set about his task but among these was his own sixteenth-century apprehension of the Christian significance of the early chapters of the Book of Genesis.

This led him to make quite conscious implied cross-references from the Old Testament to the New through the ordering of his designs. In this regard Michelangelo was working within a long-established tradition, but he molded the tradition to fit in with the logic of his total design. It is quite probable that he did not fully understand what he was doing. He did it the way he did, because it felt right that way. I assume that he made certain key decisions at a quite conscious level—for example the decision to put the creation of Eve at the exact central point of the entire ceiling—but after that, granted the Christian doctrine that the Virgin is the second Eve, all sorts of structural arrangements necessarily follow, though some of these things may not have been fully worked out at the point when Michelangelo embarked upon his four-year labour of Hercules. It is the kind of part-conscious, part-unconscious subliminal logic that the structuralist is looking for, because he believes that the structure of such a logic will help us to understand something of significance about the operation of human minds in general.

Freud and his successors have made the familiar notion of the "unconscious" thought. Consequently this notion no longer seems wholly bizarre as it did to my parents' generation. But perhaps we now take it too much for granted and thus fail to reflect upon the huge thought canyons bested by consciousness. Until recently most psychoanalysts have talked as if "unconscious" thought "were the same sort of thing as "conscious" thought" except that it had somehow been bottlenecked down and repressed. The therapeutic value of psychoanalysis was supposed to consist in the release of this repressed; the object of the exercise was to make the unconscious conscious.

The structuralists conceive of the "unconscious" in a much more mathematical way. The initial proposition is that conscious thought consists in establishing relations between concepts in the mind either by metonymy, that is, by contiguous association, one thing after another, like the words of a sentence, or by metaphor, that is, by asserting a similarity such as "love is like a rose", or more commonly, by various combinations of these two polar types of relationship.

But if simple, one-to-one relationships of "concepts in the mind" are to be anything more interesting than stimulus-response triggers of the kind postulated by behaviourist psychologists, we have to suppose that these concepts in the mind can be combined and recombined in some deeper level of mental process, a kind of meta-thinking which does not itself generate conscious thoughts but makes creative origi-

nality possible in that it consists in the establishment of relations between relations.

So what about the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel? Michelangelo, who had up to that time worked mainly as a sculptor, worked on the ceiling between 1508 and 1512. The paintings on the ceiling, with other Renaissance artists already existed. Michelangelo's own Last Judgment behind the altar was painted much later. As to the design of the ceiling paintings, Michelangelo received a great deal of advice which he successfully ignored. The pundits seem to agree that the content of the composition as we now have it is almost entirely of his own choosing.

The literature on the subject is very large. I have only read a small fraction of it. The standard authority is Volume 2 of Charles de Tolnay's five-volume study of Michelangelo, but that was published in 1945. I do not claim to be fully up to date. In the material which I have read, the authors, naturally enough, divide their attention between consideration of the composition as a whole and study of the individual panels. However, by far the greater weight of attention is given to the individual panels, each of which has been examined in minute detail by itself to show the relationship with earlier work. Later compositions both by Michelangelo himself and by other artists. By contrast, nearly all the observations about the composition as a whole strike me as very perfunctory and unperceptive. It may be that I have missed something. I fully appreciate that the painterly quality of the ceiling is one of the world's great masterpieces and largely independent of the story which the pictures have to tell. All the same, in a work of this sort, the finer details of iconography cannot be ignored. But most art historians seem to have considered that iconographic relationships are a trivial matter. In addition they have a bias towards discussing one picture at a time. A structuralist starts out with the opposite prejudice. He sees the ceiling as a whole, as a total system, a set of interrelated panels; it is their interrelationships which are of primary interest and that means paying particular attention to rather large-scale iconographic themes and their pictorial treatment rather than to minute of the artist's technique which are liable to change very considerably between one panel and the next.

There are about 175 picture units in the ceiling taken as a whole. It would be an almost endless task to examine just how they are all interrelated, and so I am going to go against my structuralist principles by considering just a small selection of the total set. I shall ignore the large nude male figures, the Sybils, most of the Prophets, and the characters from the Tree of Jesse, and the medallions. That leaves us with the nine main panels down the centre of the ceiling and the four corner panels. These are the best-known pictures anyway.

The nine "centre" panels are arranged in alternation small/large/small/large. This was in part dictated by the physical form of the roof vault, but Michelangelo, having to adjust his overall composition to the peculiarities of the shape of the ceiling, Michelangelo also took account of the use of the floor space below.

At the present day the screen which separates the ante-chapel from the chapel proper comes under panel 7, The Sacrifice of Noah. However, drawing still exist which show what the ceiling looked like before Michelangelo started his work and from these drawings and other evidence we can infer, as is shown in my diagram (page 112), that the screen was originally placed centrally, giving equal space to the relatively secular ante-chapel used by the lay congregation and the chapel proper which was reserved for the Pope and Cardinals. In Michelangelo's design the screen, dividing the sacred from the profane, is made to stand imme-

diately below panel 5, The Creation of Eve. By this arrangement all the main panels in front of the screen, towards the altar, show God. The Father in his role as Creator; all the main panels to the rear of the screen towards the door show sinful Man, alone without God. In panel 5 over the screen itself God and Man and Woman are all brought together.

In Michelangelo's time the sanctuary of the chapel was, as it is now, a rather narrow area at the altar end, corresponding to the ceiling panel 1, God Emerging from Chnos and Dividing the Light from the Darkness, and the two corner panels representing the story of the execution of Haman from the Book of Esther. Between these two corner panels over the High Altar, is a figure of the Prophet Jonah, which is where he is because he had the biblical distinction of having conversed with God face to face.

One suspects that most of the identifiable figures round the edge of the ceiling are positioned where they are for significant rather than accidental reasons. For example, the Prophet Jeremiah, who was ordained by God as a prophet unto the nations, is located immediately above the Pope's throne, having conversed with God face to face. Michelangelo worked from the door end towards the altar, completing the panels over the ante-chapel first before starting on the chapel proper. That is, in terms of my diagram, he worked from right to left. The chronology of the paintings has been examined by the experts in great detail. I will not attempt to present the arguments or the evidence but will simply summarize de Tolnay's conclusions. The portion of the ceiling with which we are concerned was probably developed as follows:

- (1) Michelangelo received his commission, somewhat unwillingly, in the spring of 1508.
- (2) The scaffolding was in position at the door end of the chapel and Michelangelo had actually started work on the frescoes by January, 1509.
- (3) Between January 1509 and September 1509, three main panels (The Flood, Noah's Sacrifice and the Sin of Ham) and the corner panels, David and Goliath and Judith and Holofernes, were completed.
- (4) Between September 1509 and September 1510, two further main panels (The Fall of Man and the Creation of Eve) were completed. This takes us half-way along the ceiling.

There was then a break during which the scaffolding was dismantled. Work was resumed in January 1511 and the ceiling proper was completed by the end of August 1511 with work progressing from the centre towards the altar. By October 1511 and October 1512 Michelangelo was working on other parts of the ceiling. We shall look again at all these individual panels presently.

One very basic theme in nearly all structuralist argument derives from Hegel and concerns binary oppositions. Very roughly the proposition is this. We receive information about the outside world through our various senses of sight, hearing, smell, touch and so on, in a continuous stream. The process by which we manage to perceive this experience of time and space as consisting of separate things and separate events involves an intellectual operation; at the level of consciousness we cut up the continuous flow of sensory information into chunks. We distinguish a thing or an event, a "bit" from the background, by suppressing our consciousness of the boundary between the two. The unit of thought then becomes what computer engineers refer to as a binary digit—a "bit" of information—the combination of the thing in itself and its opposite as +/-. Let me take a very simple case. If I were to draw a straight line on the blackboard and were to give you the instruction "Imagine the line is divided into two equal parts" you would have no difficulty

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BATSFORD

A fifth column for Corbu

By Reyner Banham

COLIN ROWE:
The Mathematics of the Ideal Villa
and Other Essays
223 pages and 83 plates. MIT Press,
£12.

This "hard-cover Rowe" now that we finally have it, is still not that great work of architectural theory that his admirers have so long desired—except to the point of locky, it is reported. It seems that we must resign ourselves to a Colin Rowe who exists primarily in remembered lectures and conversations, and in this slim collection of reprinted essays gathered under the title of his first and most famous writing, *The Mathematics of the Ideal Villa*. "Had he never written another work... that grand old formula certainly applies to Rowe, for that first essay changed the whole tone and style of writing about the history of modern architecture in English; by two ingenious comparisons between the words and works of Palladio and Le Corbusier, Rowe gave modern architecture a formal and classical ancestry in addition to, and almost replacing, the Pevsnerian historicist success story 'from William Morris to Walter Gropius'."

The existence of that ancestry had been noticed before, but whereas, say, Emil Kaufmann's *Von Ledoux bis Le Corbusier* had delivered less than the title promised, Rowe's detailed comparisons were as convincing as they were suggestive of further connections between "the first and last masters of the suburban villa". Over and above this cogency, *Ideal Villa* gained impact from its timeliness; Rudolf Wittkower, Rowe's academic supervisor at the time, had made Palladian studies the cutting edge of English architectural history in those heady days of the late 1940s. Furthermore, a younger generation of architectural historians was emerging who repudiated their debt to the older generation (like Pevsner) by disagreeing with them. Rowe's scholarly iconoclasm, his appeal to purely architectural explanations of modern architecture, rather than socio-functional *Zeitgeistlichkeit*, were almost irresistible.

Of course, the number of persons involved was minuscule; Rowe, at that time, could be described as a coteries historian, and his next published work looked a little like playing to the coteries. *Modern Architecture* still has the air less of a timely contribution than of an opportunistic attempt to cash in on the craze for Mannerism then raging in Courtauld-Warburg circles.

It is possible that he was over-persuaded by the adulation of the coteries who, seeking a Courtauld Institute imprimatur for this Pevsnerian exegesis, laid the galley-proof of the article on the desk of the Courtauld's director, Sir Anthony Blunt—whence they returned with no comment beyond corrections to the accentuation of nearly every word quoted in French!

It was as a student, witness to this incident; what I did not know at the time was that Rowe might have needed Courtauld support because *Ideal Villa* had caused strained relations with Wittkower at the Warburg, where the master of Palladian studies was not pleased to find his hero made responsible for the excesses of modern architecture. There seems to be a law in Rowe's writing that it is only the essays which cause trouble that advance architectural and historical understanding. Though it has always been overshadowed among the coteries by *Ideal Villa*, the tersely-titled *Chicago Frame* of 1956 once again marked an epoch by forcing the body historical to acknowledge something that was obvious but never to be uttered—wit, that Frank Lloyd Wright was not, despite his own claims, in any architecturally relevant sense a follower of the great Louis Sullivan, and further, that Sullivan's use of expressive steel framing in commercial buildings was just a way of making commercial buildings stand up economically, not an act of almost Utopian cultural protest, as would be the steel frames erected a little later by European modernists.

In thus driving wedges between such revered masters as Sullivan and Wright, and between Sullivan and European modernism, Rowe threatened received historical—or historiographical—opinion in the United States, where he was then newly settled, and the message of the article was therefore buried in layers of protective verbiage. The editors of the *Architectural Review*, being practical journalists, pared away the packaging to reveal the content, provoking a row between Rowe and the *Review* which effectively drove him from his best platform until 1961, when he reappeared with an acute but rather inviolated appreciation of Le Corbusier's monastery of La Tourette.

In this, however, he appears in a different persona; no longer an erudite infant terrible, but as the acknowledged expert on Corbu, the intellectual pillar of a new architectural establishment consisting largely of his own former pupils. This is the guise in which he appears mostly in this collection more concerned with prose style than he used to be; it is interesting to note that in this version of *Chicago Frame* there are many changes from the disputed version

published in the *Review*, but they do not restore his original text, and most are concerned with minor niceties of expression ("but" for "however", "evident" for "clear", etc).

The fact that Rowe is at all concerned about his prose style, however, should be a cause for gratitude. The writing of architectural history tends, increasingly, to be crabbed, dusty, narrow and Pevsnerian. Rowe, when he writes, clearly enjoys the use of words:

At Grimadsky, unrelated to any systematic scheme of thought, by now quite divested of ideally Romantic overtones, displaying a more complicated, a more brilliant and elegant orchestration, at once sentimental and surplussive, character is exhibited with an assurance and weightiness which were before unknown.

"Surplussive" is an unusually just not for Norman Shaw's mature work, and the quotation comes from a meditation on the concepts of "character" and "composition" in

architectural design. By that token it is also a meditation on the kind of architectural education that Rowe had enjoyed (or otherwise) around the Second World War. Most of these writings, indeed, relate primarily to architectural pedagogy at closer or further removes. In "Transparency: Literal and Phenomenal", for instance, he disdains animus against the Bauhaus ascendancy in United States architectural education spikes what might otherwise have been a rather turgid warm-up to yet another accolade to Le Corbusier.

And here we come to the main point of republishing these few scattered writings. The new architectural establishment, dominant for some years now in the eastern United States (Rowe is currently at Cornell) is one that still sees Le Corbusier as the touchstone of architectural quality, as the normative standard to be impressed on students. The main intellectual support of that establishment for two decades has been the ongoing

conversation of Colin Rowe, a constant but often disorderly outpouring of architectural, historical and humane learning whose breadth of reference is almost George Steinerish in its catholicity. Few of us have been privileged to hear more than fragments of this Socratic monologue, fewer still have managed to get a word in edgeways.

It is clear that some of the younger members of the Rowe connection believe that this ongoing conversation contains some clue to the ultimate arcana of architecture, a secret *professionnel* that ought not to be made open and prone to the vulgar populace (I myself have been sharply criticized for reporting some of Rowe's views in the past; not for reporting them wrong but for reporting them at all). My suspicion is that this view is correct, and that Rowe may even believe it himself. If so, it remains a secret still in these essays, but they are perceptive enough, humane enough, and engagingly readable enough at least to lead the well-formed lay reader to a point from which he may contemplate the existence and location of those secrets, if not their inmost nature.



"Pawns in the spectator's game of sculptural dodgins" is David Mower's description of the chinnywag and ventilation stacks of the celebrated Casa Milà in Barcelona in his new and generously illustrated study of Gaudí (96pp, Osiris, £7.95, paperback £3.95). The rarely seen roof, carried on a rickety structure of purple-bolic arches in the top storey, is a "switchback of hyperbolic shapes".

Characteristically Catalan

By David Mower

MARIA LLUISA BORRAS:
Domènec i Montaner
Arquitecte del Modernisme
82pp and 244 plates. Barcelona:
Ediciones Poligráficas.

A family man with eight children, university professor and finally head of Barcelona's School of Architecture, writer on historical and political matters, member of Parliament, and founder and president of the "Unió Catalanista", the most powerful organization of Catalan nationalism, Domènec i Montaner was indeed a man of many parts. As a precising architect, he also found time to design some eighteen buildings in the course of a fifty-year career (1873 to 1923). Unlike the famous contemporary Gaudí, there is no charisma or myth-making romance here; instead we find an admirable professional, an efficient organizer and a worthy communicator.

In this "Fotocolor" his three most important buildings are created: the café-restaurant erected for Barcelona's International Exhibition of 1888, the Hospital of Santa Pau (1902-12), and the Palau de la Música (1905-08), home of the "Orquestra Catalana". While welcoming publication which can help to shed out Catalan Modernisme, an area of art-history so ignored by the English world with its preference for understatement, one can only wish a more rigorously critical intelligence had informed the editing of these 244 full-page photographs.

Apert from a lack of white margins, resulting in some awkward double-page spreads, and an acceptance of poor definition in some of the images, there is neither a consistent enough visual thread nor a purposeful enough attitude to zooming in on details. Greater economy would have allowed for coverage of Domènec's other buildings, all the more important in the case of a relatively unknown architect. These deficiencies are not compensated for by the introductory text by Maria Lluïsa Borràs (in Spanish, English, French and German) which is slim, dull, perfunctory and lacks a bibliography. Why is there no discussion of Domènec's important 1878 article "En Busca de una Arquitectura Nacional" (In Search of a National Architecture)? This document marks Domènec as a reasonable conservative addressing himself to the problem of late nineteenth-century eclecticism. Published in the *Revista de Catalunya*, it is a plea for a "Spanish" style and thus may be seen tacitly to be advocating individual regionalism. After timely requests for the growth of a better public support for the artist and for better art and design education, the text consists largely of Domènec's own "race" moment at the time, based on a "race" moment at the time, based on a "race" moment at the time, based on a "race" moment at the time.

Since this book first appeared in 1971 two studies have been published: Antonio Sabat's *Palau de la Música Catalana*, in the series *Collection Art in Spain*, 1974, and Bogdan, J. M. Ainaud de Lasarte, P. Fontanals and J. Benet's *Lluïsa Domènec i Montaner*, on the fiftieth anniversary of his death (Barcelona: Nadalà de Lluïsa i Gual, 1973). O. Borràs's article on Domènec in the December 1967 issue of *Arquitectura*, *Revista de Catalunya* 52 and 53 (Barcelona 1963), are essential reading.

Let us openly apply the formulae of modernism of new experiments and needs, enriching and giving them expression with the ornamental riches taken from the past and from nature.

In other words a modern core covered with a decorative skin—a simplistic formula illustrated in his delightful *Palau*. Here the right geometrically clean lines of a metal-frame construction, one of the first to be used in a non-industrial building, are covered with ceramic, metal, glass and sculpture, and laden with cultural references from Gothic, Arabic and Baroque styles. The result is a pretty world of undemanding enchantment opposing itself to the muscular roughness and aggressive vulgarity of Gaudí.

It seems to me unlikely that the book will have popular appeal, while the specialist on the other hand can only regret the lack of any real critical text. Any reader coming across this book on the library shelf is at least assured an eye-filling, however, I am not convinced that here is anything more than a monument to a talented and characteristic, rather than an exceptional, architect.

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From Burn to Lutyens

By Andrew Saint

JANE FAWCETT (Editor):
Seven Victorian Architects
160pp. Thames and Hudson. £7.50.

The first thing that has to be said about this book is that it is very late. Most of the seven biographical essays which it contains were ready for publication in 1970, but complications have held up the book's production until now. With many historical subjects such a delay would matter little, but Victorian architecture is a special case. Popular enjoyment and scholarly research have now so greatly transformed the topic that the hot enthusiasm or quick conclusion of 1970 can easily look a little dated in 1977. True, the authors have mostly revised their essays since they were first written and cannot be blamed for the delay. But a period of innocence pervades several of the contributions, as though all that is required is to introduce an architect, tell his life-story, explain his stylistic development, show a few of his best buildings and leave it at that. This was basically what was done in a similar but more strictly pioneering collection of biographical essays, Peter Perriard's very successful *Victorian Architects* (1963), to which this book is a logical successor.

But whereas many of the earlier pieces were written by neophytes burning with zeal for their neglected heroes, nearly all of whom were among the most accomplished architects of their age, *Seven Victorian Architects* deals with something of a mixed bag of designers, and they are handled much more coolly, if more maturely.

Least this must be thought a harsh assessment, it must quickly be added that even one of these architects (Burn, Philip and P. C. Hardwick, Sydney Smirke, Pearson, Bodley, Waterhouse and Lutyens) is well worth his place. The standards of accuracy and fairness are infinitely higher than those that obtained fourteen years ago, and the assemblage of useful material in this handsome little book will make it a sine qua non for all enthusiasts for nineteenth-century architecture. There are also, though, a few more bits, check-lists (variable in extent) of each architect's main works, though frustratingly the editor and publisher have not seen fit to include material from either of these features in the Index. Nevertheless a number of the essays seem to lack that certain something—which is undoubtedly interpretation.

With some of the subjects, who can crudely be housed together under Joe Mordant Crook's classification of Sydney Smirke as "first-class second-rate architect", there is no problem, so long as some other historical peg can be found upon which to hang the discussion. Thus Hermione Hobhouse's piece on the Hardwicks reveals the internal

workings of an architectural dynasty less disparate than that of the Wyatts or the Scotts; Dr Crook, to borrow again his own expression, soils his polished fingers by investigating through Smirke the golden mediocrity of the mid-Victorian architectural establishment; while David Walker founds his essay on Burn (on which more later) on a discussion of the development of the country house between 1820 and 1850.

Each of these tasks is well done and is enough. We should not want a complete monograph on these men, though Miss Hobhouse threatens us with a future one on the Hardwicks. But with architects of outstanding artistic ability like Pearson, Bodley, Waterhouse (perhaps) and Lutyens the case stands somewhat differently.

Because these four warrant lengthy, sustained treatment, essay-form can offer only an introduction or a partial interpretation of their work. In this respect Roderick Gradidge, the author of the Lutyens essay, has been lucky. Since much ink has already been spilt on his subject, he has been able to give off just that aspect of Lutyens's work that intrigues him and to make of it the only really creative piece of interpretation in the book.

Faced with a lack of any modern literature on their men, the less fortunately placed authors of the other three essays, David Lloyd on Pearson, David Verey on Bodley and Stuart Smith on Waterhouse, have sensibly opted for straightforward exegesis and little more. Mr Smith's essay is in part an exception; he makes something of the Pevsnerian thesis that Gothic-by-the-unit was for Waterhouse an attempt at a kind of rationalism. But Mr Verey inevitably falls in with the traditional view of his architectural training. According to Herbert Baker, Lutyens "seemed to know by intuition", and Mr Gradidge concludes from this that he was "almost untrained, perhaps untrainable". Nothing could be further from the truth.

He learnt at first hand from two of the greatest domestic architects of the age, Ernest George and Norman Shaw, and as Mr Gradidge himself shows, supplemented this knowledge by intense study of the work of Philip Webb, their only rival. There was more system and discipline in this than intuition, and it paid off almost as well, and he learnt at first hand from two of the greatest domestic architects of the age, Ernest George and Norman Shaw, and as Mr Gradidge himself shows, supplemented this knowledge by intense study of the work of Philip Webb, their only rival. There was more system and discipline in this than intuition, and it paid off almost as well, and he learnt at first hand from two of the greatest domestic architects of the age, Ernest George and Norman Shaw, and as Mr Gradidge himself shows, supplemented this knowledge by intense study of the work of Philip Webb, their only rival. 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The morality of museums

By Roy Strong

IAN FINLAY:
Priceless Heritage
The Future of Museums.
183pp. Faber. £4.95.

Ian Finlay writes as the former Director of the Royal Scottish Museum. If one measures a museum by the care it lavishes on a lecturer who has voyaged from afar, his old museum scores out of ten. No lack of sherry, no exploding slide projector, no idiotic questions, no boring left-winged at the station in the pouring rain. Minor things like this mirror attitudes as a whole and for this alone Mr. Finlay ranks as a first-rate museum director.

Unfortunately it does not necessarily follow that this will make him into a lively author. As one would expect, this book is full of useful information and sensitive observation, but it makes tedious reading. Sadly, he captures nothing of the triumph and failures of the past twenty-five years, and cannot make his mind whether he is writing about museums globally or confining himself to the British Isles. On the whole it is the latter. His approach is neatly summed up in his chapters: "A Museum is a Building," "Museums and the School," "The Present Dilemma," "The Museum Image," "Killing the Changes" and so on.

More to the point would have been a really crisp, illustrated, hard-hitting account of museums in this Victorian boom, the end of the Victorian boom, and what went wrong and why? Who broke through and changed things? What has been the attitude of government, at both national and local level? Overall, the story has been a monumental success. The fact that the most successful museums have been private ones is in itself deeply revealing. Ironbridge, the Gladstone Pottery Museum, the Roman Museum at Bath, the result of private enterprise, not of government or municipal policy. Why is it that when the money was around museums were always the last to get it? The performing arts carried all before them. Concert halls and theatres went up everywhere. Plans for new museums and galleries, for extensions and for modernization, were always the first to be swept under the carpet. Officials knew that they could sink them without trace and not lose votes. In any case, museum officials tend to be a docile lot, easily resigned to their fate and rarely wanting to stir up trouble. Those in the performing arts do.

Mr. Finlay is a rarity because most people in the museum profession never really think about it. They may imagine that they know what their particular museum is about but more often than not it is the other way round. They know about the objects in their charge. It is, of course, a tragedy that so many people who work in the profession are so totally oblivious of what they are aiming at. Even more illuminating, as Mr. Finlay points out, is the almost total indifference of the taxpayers who maintain these institutions. That this is so must be a fault not only of home environment but also of our educational system. It is, in addition, the fault of the media. The activities of museums are entirely the preserve of the critics who almost exclusively concentrate on reviewing exhibitions. No national newspaper carries regular museum news. If a gallery is clever enough to buy bricks or have something stolen it will at once be the subject of headlines and thousands will rush in to look at the bricks and contemplate the empty space on the wall. Public attention instead is directed to the salerooms and the external voice of the price index of works of art.

A museum can compete only if it sells itself to a major newspaper or a commercial consortium. With this kind of deal the most mediocre exhibition will be put over as though the treasures of the richest art collection. Unhappily, the museum profession stands at the moment, amazed at what £200,000 of décor and a fortune in advertising can achieve for an indifferent display of provincial Roman art from Pompeii, the greater part of the

exhibition being either plaster casts, models or blown up photographs. Such is the gullibility of our art-loving British public.

The author touches on what perhaps one would consider to be a central issue for museums, their relationship to people's work. The museum profession has made a profound mistake in believing that its advance and success depended on the cult of leisure. Museums were certainly never founded for leisure. They were a response to meet a popular demand for knowledge and information.

They educated the masses and made them share in the aesthetic and historical heritage of their country. But they were also concerned with work. They were not designed as an escape but to inspire the visitor with ideas to enable his own contribution to society, whether by contemplating the faces of heroes and heroines, or in a very concrete way such as studying, for instance, various types of cornucopia. We in the profession were so convinced that the museum was to be one of the jewels in the crown of the leisure utopia forecast during the 1960s that we now have to put our institutions into reverse—otherwise we shall become part of that most denounced category of today, the parasitic, non-productive, non-industrial. And that is why the current movement which sees the museum as a forum for creative activity, as a place for aesthetic or scientific, is so relevant. Museums have, in fact, to become more emphatically temples of mental and physical work. In other words there is room for a museum morality once again.

Mr. Finlay is interesting in his exaltation of the autocratic museum director whose will, he believes,

makes what he reigns over into a work of art in its own right. No Bullock Report for Mr. Finlay. He is a good sylvan at museum architecture. Any visitor to the new Museum of London will rush to cheer at this point. He gives us the usual run-through of curator versus educationist, a surprising hymn of praise to the American trustee system, a commendable enthusiasm for the museum's instant involvement in today's problems, and strikes a blow at the stultifying effect of carving up the visual arts into "fine" and "decorative".

All this, however, seems to me to miss the central point—namely, that the museum movement in this country during this century has been, for the most part, a failure. Failure to reconcile the national and the regional, failure to obtain mass sympathy and support, failure to attract really outstanding personnel, failure to establish a first-rate professional body, failure to make museums a necessity and not a luxury. The list is endless and depressing.

The blame, as anyone knows who has attended a Museums' Association conference, lies largely within. But we have never had anyone of influence in government whose major interest was museums. The much-maligned Lord Eccles about the only Minister for the Arts who had even an inkling of what museums were about. The top jobs in the arts in Britain have invariably gone to those whose interest has been theatre or music, but never the visual arts. Until the right changes have been made, it is not either Mr. Finlay or myself doubting in the future of museums. At the moment they do not have one, other than that of survival.

The panoramic eye

By David Piper

FREDERICK HARTT:
Art: A History of Painting, Sculpture, Architecture
Volume II: Renaissance, Baroque, Modern World
527pp. Thames and Hudson. Paperback, £6.95.

This second volume of *Art: A History of Painting, Sculpture, Architecture* completes Frederick Hartt's mammoth paperback survey. Volume I, published last year, covered Prehistory, the Ancient World, and the Middle Ages; this one the Renaissance, Baroque and the "Modern World". Together they add up to all but a thousand large quarto pages, with 1,271 illustrations of which 157 are in colour (and twenty-five moreover "with gold"). They do not quite add up to the comprehensiveness indicated by the title, but the reasons for that were honourably disclosed in the preface to Volume I: the work was primarily designed, as a one-year introduction, for courses in the general history of art in colleges and universities. The omission of the East (though there is a brief note on Islamic art in Volume I) from the eastern seaboard of the Mediterranean through to Japan is justified by the statement that to have included them would have made the project both unwieldy and economically not viable, besides which Eastern art is considered unlikely to feature in students' introductory courses.

The two volumes are self-sufficient, but a link is provided by material (including the relevant illustrations) from the last chapter of Volume I being repeated as the introduction to Volume II. As a readable, succinct summary, the first volume seems to me more attractive than the second, even though the latter relates much more closely to the specialist interests of the author as a distinguished scholar of Renaissance art. The sweep of overview in the second volume, however, is broken by a treatment of the subject-matter largely in terms of sections or paragraphs on individual artists; doing a Vasari—or rather, producing the equivalent of a highly selective illustrated biography—rather than a synthesis of artists, arranged chronologically by schools, not alphabetically. The text relates closely to the illustrations—there is, hardly a work of art

that is discussed at any length at all that is not reproduced (though not in an admirable manner) concentrating the student's attention—as if in a slide-lecture. Sometimes however the result is somewhat too neat and over-tidied, for here the reverse applies—if an artist is not illustrated, he is generally mentioned either. The problem of what to omit must have been fairly tormenting for the author, and inevitably there are some formidable gaps; Venice, for example, comes and goes as though Caravaggio had never been even conceived.

The British author's exclusion, in painting in England, Holbein alone survives from the sixteenth century, and Van Dyck from the seventeenth—and in German and Flemish schools respectively. Trouble does not rate, the Pre-Raphaelites never have been, nor even Morris which is much more remarkable (here the chosen categories—painting, sculpture, architecture—show their limitations). For nineteenth-century Britain, later than Turner, only Barry, Pugin and Barbedale are admitted: for the twentieth century, only Henry Moore and Ben Nicholson. For the second half of the twentieth century, any European reader may feel that a bit in the cold, while the American emphasis on wholeness in the final chapter ("American Art of the Twentieth Century and Recent Movements Elsewhere"). For some, the second half of the twentieth century without, say, Francis Bacon or Giacometti, may seem a bit thin. National predilections show curiously on occasion—how many European artists would feature Ligabue twice but Giacometti not at all?

In such a survey, recent or present times are bound to be the most contentious, while no one would wish to diminish splendour and importance of the emergence of New York as a seminal school in the post-war years. In the earlier periods, within the formula he has set himself, Professor Hartt makes an attempt to contextualize, though as an exercise deserving both mind-ordering and mind-clearing. He shows few signs of having flagged in his labour, and this consistency renewed freshness of attack should attract the student's interest of any student venturing as a novice into the field of art-history.

Façades and functions

By Spiro Kostof

NIKOLAUS PEVNER:
A History of Building Types
352pp. Thames and Hudson. £16.

Nikolaus Pevner's latest book *A History of Building Types* should be a godsend for, among others, those architectural historians who teach their subject in schools of architecture. The student's effort at the drafting-table demands now, first and foremost, the accumulation of the building programme; and advanced design studios, in the United States at least, are often organized according to building types. The house historian, who was once responsible for the teaching of styles and the insertion of the word "European" in this title as well as options—style as a cloak of beauty, and style as expressive function—classical façade may not express the activities of a railway station, but it signalled more than aesthetic pretension. The familiar monumental order played the threatening aspects of this revolutionary menu of transport and annihilated the dirty business of tracks and smoke. Professor Pevner, having once recognized it, is not consistently tolerant of this particular service of style. He calls the New Haven railroad station by Harvey Augustus, a "frank" citing its "outrageous roofs" and the central feature which is "a piece of Chinoiserie", without allowing that these, too, may have been meant to evoke an image suitable for the starting point of distant journeys—the excitement of travel and the promise of unknown places.

Professor Pevner's book should change all this. With ample illustration and a rich list of exemplars, he goes through a historical account of some twenty building types, from national monuments to factories, which should delight the architectural profession and its siblings. It should also afford them the chance to see the old standards in a fresh context. Michelangelo's Biblioteca Laurenziana, for example, traditionally lodged at the heart of the chapter on Mannerism and wedded through its form to the Palazzo del Te in Mantua and Vasari's Uffizi, now settles down in a chapter on libraries in the company of St. Peter's library in the Vatican palace that preceded it and that of King Matthias Corvinus in his castle at Buda that followed it. There is no place in this new history for the favourites of our survey courses and textbooks, such as the two building types that Professor Pevner excludes, the one because it "has been exhaustively covered in general histories of architecture", the other because, "despite its building type, it has lost its relevancy in the modern period: No Chartres Cathedral, then, no Temple, no Blenheim or Versailles. But the book is full of buildings that have never found a home in general histories, and architects, such as Charles Fowler and Hector Horeau, who would never make their index.

This is indeed a happy way to compose the history of the built environment—a method akin to architectural iconography, where the range of treatment and meaning of themes such as Father Time or Pandora's Box is studied through selected works of art. Professor Pevner's is also a legitimate and timely reshuffling of our orthodox sequences and an implied challenge of the evaluative scheme that has helped to shape them. Since buildings have specific uses, it is, in judging them, to think beyond matters of style, and to reapportion merit on the basis of functional felicity as well. Historians have not been innocent of this concern, of course, but it is none the less shocking to see how long it has taken us to act in accordance with it, and how far we still have to go.

Professor Pevner's book will surely speed the process. His approach will generalize, at least, the notion that historians are obliged to consider not only how pretty past buildings looked, but how well they did their job. His survey remarks wisely on predicting that good design comments on human institutions as much as it quickens human sensibility. Good buildings employ their formal elegance to elucidate a problem of use.

The title indicates both more and less than the book contains. To

take the bonus first, the architectural styles are still liberally present, whether or not they contribute to the discussion of function or typology. In fact, the principal question of method for this new mode of history remains unresolved. Is there a strict correlation between function and style in the best of architecture which the historian should take as paradigmatic? Or is style to architecture what Le Corbusier claimed it was: "what a feather is on a woman's head: it is sometimes pretty, though not always, and never anything more?"

For the nineteenth century, Professor Pevner reasserts the association of style, that is, style used as a mnemonic or suggestive device distinct from the two polar options—style as a cloak of beauty, and style as expressive function—classical façade may not express the activities of a railway station, but it signalled more than aesthetic pretension. The familiar monumental order played the threatening aspects of this revolutionary menu of transport and annihilated the dirty business of tracks and smoke. Professor Pevner, having once recognized it, is not consistently tolerant of this particular service of style. He calls the New Haven railroad station by Harvey Augustus, a "frank" citing its "outrageous roofs" and the central feature which is "a piece of Chinoiserie", without allowing that these, too, may have been meant to evoke an image suitable for the starting point of distant journeys—the excitement of travel and the promise of unknown places.

But for much of the book the two, function and style, are viewed as separate commodities. A building type will be carried along up to a point on the basis of functional development, and then we shift to appreciation of the style, though Professor Pevner did not have the heart to leave out some old formalist favourites despite their conventional or even awkward handling of the architectural programme. There are, in places, subtle analyses of form, as with Sir John Soane's Bank of England, that seem to have been left over from the other kind of history of which Professor Pevner has given us the classic version in *An Outline of European Architecture*.

On balance, stylistic concerns claim as much attention as matters of function, and at their expense. Exterior views far outnumber plans and elevations, and there are almost no comparative functional diagrams of buildings. Architectural programmes—the briefs presented to architects by their clients—are quoted, although we are given generous contemporary comment on specific buildings by outsiders. On the diverse activities that types like office buildings and factories were designed to accommodate, we are not always told enough. Technical equipment puts in a late and weak appearance: Reyner Banham's *The Well-Tempered Environment* seems not to have left its mark. On the other hand, space is allotted to procedural and cultural matters which, for all their general interest, do not advance the argument of built form. This is so with the section on "double-entry" accounting, and the excursus on bankers as patrons of art.

And yet space is obviously at a premium, as we can tell from long lists of buildings set in the body of the text every few pages with hardly any explanation at all. A typical instance is this passage from a chapter on warehouses and office buildings.

Sigfried Giedion drew attention to the St. Louis waterfront mostly of the 1870s, which is also no longer. An early Chicago example was No. 1 South Water Street of 1856, an early Massachusetts example the Foster Block at Worcester of 1854 by Elbridge Bryden, an early Wisconsin example the Iron Block at Milwaukee of 1861, an early Rhode Island example the Lycium Building at Providence of 1865, an early New York example the Branch Building at Richmond of 1866, designed by G. H. Johnson, an early New Orleans example the Bank of America, also of 1866, by Gallier, and Barber's Bank at Providence of 1865. The history of office buildings of iron architecture brought out in 1865 contains a long list of examples. A little later were a building at Troy, New York, of

1870, the Mellon Bank at Pittsburgh of 1871 (see 1208), and the Hale Building at Salem, Mass., of 1873. Yet later and very attractive is a very American-looking iron façade in England—Messrs. Arlidge, Bianchi & Co., at Macclesfield of 1882-83.

One wonders if the book would not have been better served by concentrating on a smaller number of primary buildings, and banishing such catalogues to some small-print appendix.

If we turn now to what the title promises and does not fulfil, we should note that the book accepts the same chronological and geographical limitations of *An Outline of Architecture*, the sprawling rehabilitation of the Beaux-Arts, and a fair amount of hard work to understand the nature of the totalitarian architecture of the 1930s, he stands by the Rationalist utopia of "the twentieth-century style".

All else, from about 1910 on, is reactionary or, at any rate, beneath serious evaluation. The Chicago Fair of 1893 is still seen through the eyes of Louis Sullivan as the death knell for the Chicago School, its classicism setting the clock, it is a reaction to the "cold war" of fifty years. There is talk of "the Classical blight on Washington" (where the Mellon Lectures, on which the book is based, were being delivered), of the Eternal Column, etc., as if the "cold war" between traditionalists and modernists had to be fought still, now when most historians of the modern scene have grown weary of it and moved on to understanding what they had been taught for so long to condemn.

By the same token, Professor Pevner's unrelenting state of belligerence against post-war

Judgment is freely rendered throughout. Benjamin Latrobe is "the greatest American architect". Ledoux's Royal Salt Works at Chaux have "weird" details, "and the shapes of many of the dwellings [are] weirder still". Alexander Parris's Quincy Market in Boston is "architecturally superior" to the Paris markets, and "superior to the Quincy Market is Japelli's ment market of 1821 at Padua"; why this is so we are not told. The TWA terminal in New York is "Sero Saarinen at his worst"; the Dulles airport is "Saarinen at his best".

Professor Pevner also abides by his previous sentencing of aberrant architectural behaviour. Despite Charles Jencks's *Modern Movements in Architecture*, the scowling rehabilitation of the Beaux-Arts, and a fair amount of hard work to understand the nature of the totalitarian architecture of the 1930s, he stands by the Rationalist utopia of "the twentieth-century style".

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